# The Incomparable History, Of ARGALVS, And PARTHENIA.

Wherein is expreſt the mutability of Fortunes, and the conſtancy of Lovers.

Written by *Fra. Quarles*

*London*, Printed by *M. P.* for *I. M.* and are to be ſold by *John Stafford*, at his houſe in St. *Brides* Church-yard, near *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1651.

11626.d.49

Multa desunt inopiae, avaritiae omnia. Dom

Omnia desunt parco et semper pauper avarus

Et rebus cunctis semper avarus egit. ea

non omnia habent

Est cero ~~[illegible]~~ multi

Est equidem multi viri reverentiâ abire

Omnino ~~[illegible]~~ gazas ~~[illegible]~~ non ~~[illegible]~~

Non habent gazas, quo ingere famas

Jo: Eyre [illegible] 00=01=

quod

scri

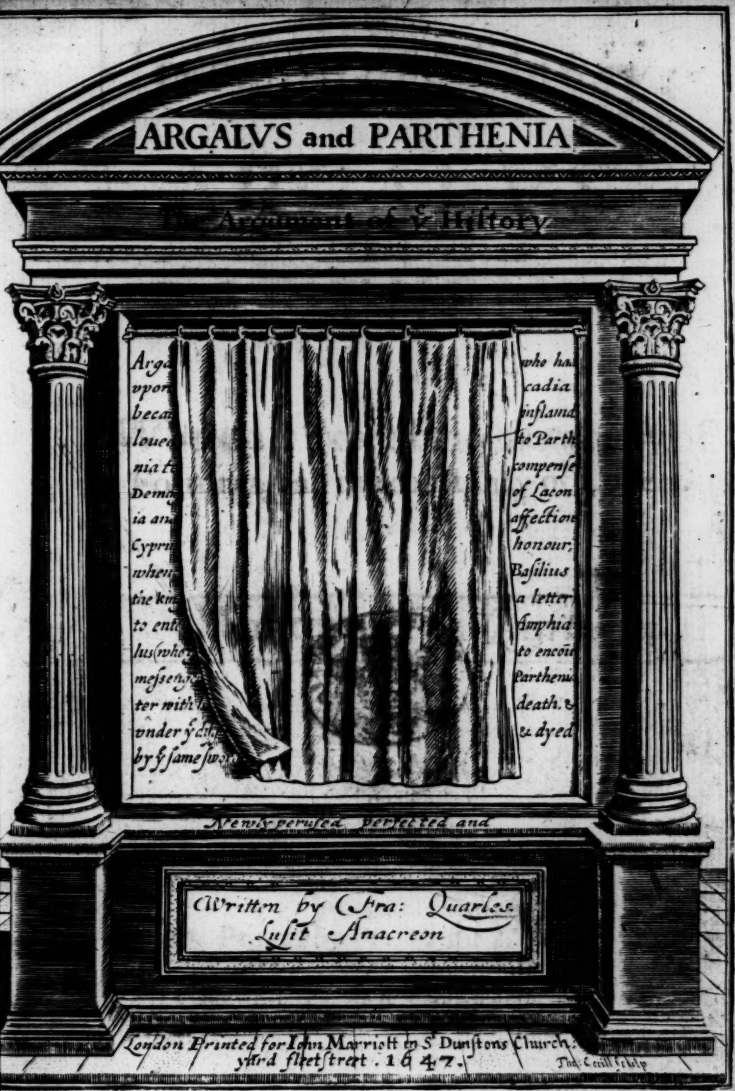
165

John Jeans

John [illegible]

## The minde of the Frontiſpice.

*READER, behinde this ſilken Front'ſpice lyes*
*The Argument of our Book: which to your eyes*
*Our Muſe (for ſerious cauſes, and beſt known*
*Unto her ſelf) commands ſhould be unſhown:*
*And therefore, to that end ſhe hath thought fit*
*To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and it.*


ARGALVS and PARTHENIA
The Argument of ye History
Written by Fra: Quarles.
Lusit Anacreon
London Printed for John Marriott in S. Dunstons Church-yard fleet street. 1647.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honorable

# HENRY Lord RICH OF KENSINGTON,

Earl of *Holland*, Captain of His MAJESTIES Guard, and Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Cambridg*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the GARTER, one of His Majeſties Moſt Honorable Privy Councel;

And Great Example

Of true Honor and Chivalry:

*FRA. QUARLES*

Preſents and Dedicates

His *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

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# To the Reader.

Reader,

I Present thee here with a *History of* Argalus *and* Parthenia, *the fruits of broken hours. It was a* Cions *taken out of the Orchard of Sir* Philip Sidney, *of precious memory, which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-ſtock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promiſes pleaſing fruit, if malevolent eyes blaſt it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Churchman: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have preſidents for it: And let ſuch know, that I have taken but one Play-day in ſix: However, I ſhould beſhrew that hand that binds them all together to make one* Volumn. *In this diſcourſe, I have not affected to ſet thy underſtanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of ſtrong* Lines, *which (as they fabulouſly report of* China *diſhes) are made for the third Generation to make uſe of, and are the meer itch of wit; under the colour of which, may have ventured (truſting to the* Oedipean *conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non ſenſe, and felloniouſly father the created expoſitions of other men, not unlike ſome Painters, who firſt make the Picture, then, from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it reſembles. Theſe lines are ſtrong enough for my purpoſe: If not for thine, yet read them, and yet underſtandings may be*

*magnified by their weakneſs. Reader, thou ſhalt in the progreſs of this* Story, *meet with a ſeeming* Soleciſm; *which is this*; Demagoras *his ſo foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair* Parthenia, *is fully expreſt; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When* Promethus *ſtole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the ſeverer gods for puniſhment of ſo high a ſacriledg, ſtruck him not dead with a ſudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures, continually gnawing on his Liver. The ſame kinde of torture had* Ixion; *ſo had* Siſyphus; *ſo had* Tantalus: *Did then* Demagoras *fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſs? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accurſed memory had ſoon rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him: In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live; that he may ſtand like a* Jack a Lent, *or a* Shroving Cock, *for every one to ſpend a Cudgel at, to the Worlds end.* Ladies (*for in your ſilken laps I know this Book will chuſe to lie, which being far fetched, if the* Stationer *be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you*) *my ſuit is, That you would be pleaſed to give the fair* Parthenia *your noble entertainment: She hath croſt the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whoſe gentle hands I recommend her, and kiſs them.*

Dublin, *this* 4. *of* March. 1621.

FR. QUARLES.

*Argalus*

# *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

## *The First Book.*

WIthin the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whose rural Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name:
That sweet *Arcadia*; which, in antique dayes,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd layes
To all the world; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed:
*Arcadia*, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Ænead* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings:
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needless complement,
To gild perfection: She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.

Her

Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honor, then diſeaſes; ſage,
A modeſt Matron, ſtrict, reſerv'd, auſtere,
Sparing in ſpeech, but lib'ral of her ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where ſhe likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion ſtrikes:
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty ſpirit, conſtant to her *beads*,
Wiſely ſuſpicious; but what need we other
Then this? She was the fair *Parthenias* Mother;
That rare *Parthenia*, in whoſe Heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildneſs, mixt with Majeſty,
Whoſe ſecret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or ſmiles to make alive, or kill;
Her cheeks are like to banks of faireſt flowers,
Inricht with ſweetneſs from the twilight ſhowers,
Whereon thoſe jars which were ſo often bred,
Compoſed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her hair rought down beneath her Ivory knees,
As if that Nature to ſo rare a piece
Had meant a ſhadow: laboring to ſhow
And boaſt the utmoſt, that her hand could do:
Like ſmalleſt flax appear'd her Nymph like hair,
But onely flax was not ſo ſmall, ſo fair:
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In ſtead of teeth, that orient *Pearls* had bin:
The whiteneſs of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;
Her Swan-like breſts were like two little *Sphears*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Aſtronomy*:
Her ſlender waſte, her lilly hands, her arms

I dare not ſet to view; becauſe all charms
Forbidden are: My baſhful *Muſe* deſcends
No lower ſtep: Here her *Commiſſion* ends,
And by another vertue doth enjoine
My pen to treat perfection more divine.
The chaſte *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue
In after ages, which we finde expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in chaſte *Parthenia*'s breſt;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not laviſh,
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Then to entice; leſs beautified with Art,
Then natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle heart
Judgment tranſcended; from her milder breſt
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voice excel'd, nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,
To take her for ſome ſmooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel*, that had been
A treble ſharer in th'eternal joyes,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice:
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not raſh; Courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no man:
In brief, who would relate her praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 'tis t'excell.
When theſe perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,

And with her ful-mouth'd blast she doth proclame
Th'unmated glory of *Parthenia*'s name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can finde admittance in th'*Arcadian* Court
But fair *Partheniaes*? Every solemn feast
Must now be sweetned, honor'd, and possest
With high discourses of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every mouth must breathe *Partheniaes* story.
The Poet summons now his amorous quill,
And scorns assistance from the Sacred Hill:
The sweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raise
His prouder style, to speak *Partheniaes* praise.
The curious Painter wisely doth displace
Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his Books, disdains the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about
At every board, whilst others, more devout,
Build Idols to her, and adore the fame,
And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name:
Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
Her worth; some emulates, and some envies;
Some doubt, some fear left lavish Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Eubonian* Lord: Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthful and of fame,
More great then good, *Dorastus* his name:
Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
His gashful countenance swarthy, long and thin,
And down each side of his reverted chin
A lock of black neglected hair (befriended

With

With warts too ugly to be ſeen,) deſcended;
His rowling eyes were deeply ſunk, and hiew'd
Like fire: 'Tis ſaid, they bliſter'd where they view'd.
Upon his ſhoulders from his fruitful crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; gariſh his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire;
Perverſe to all; extenuating what
Another did, becauſe he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none:
Revengeful, envious, deſperately ſtout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfill
All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Firebals of lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th'unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place: Even ſo
The peerleſs beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
At the firſt ſight did conquer and ſurprize
The laviſh thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of ſtrength to hide, or to diſcover
The tyrannous ſcorching of his ſecret fires,
Prompted by Paſſion, with himſelf conſpires:

*Accurs'd* Demagoras! *Into what a Fever*
*Hath one look ſtruck thy ſoul? O never, never*
*To be recur'd! If I had done amiſs,*
*Hath Heaven no eaſier plagues in ſtore, but this?*
Prometheus *pains are not ſo ſharp as theſe,*
*Our ſins yet labor'd both of one diſeaſe;*
*Our faults are equal: Both ſtole fire from Heaven;*
*Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?*

*Be juſt, O make not ſuch unequal ods*
*Of equal ſins: Be juſt, or elſe no gods:*
*Why ſend ye down ſuch Angels to the earth,*
*To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth*
*If ſuch a Heaven-like Paragon may be,*
*Why do ye not wound her as well as me?*
*But why do I implore your aids in vain,*
*That are the higheſt Agents in my pain?*
*Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye aſſure me,*
*When onely ſhe, that made the wound, can cure me?*
*Divine* Parthenia, *Earths unvalued Jewel;*
*Would thou hadſt been leſs glorious, or leſs cruel:*
*When firſt thine eyes did to theſe eyes appeare,*
*I read the hiſtory of my ruine there,*
*My neceſſary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell*
*Can ſalve my ſores, by help of Prayer or Spell;*
*Gods are unjuſt, and if, with charms, I haunt her,*
*Her eyes are counter-charms, t'inchant th'inchanter;*
*Why do I thus exulcerate my diſeaſe?*
*By adding torments, hope I to finde eaſe?*
*Is not her cruelty enough, alone,*
*But muſt I bring freſh torments of my own?*
*Chear up* Demagoras: *'Tis a wiſe mans part*
*Not to loſe all of his unpractis'd art*
*Serves not to gain: A Gameſter may not chuſe*
*His chance: It is ſome conqueſt not to looſe:*
*Look to thy ſelf: Let no injurious blaſt*
*Of cold deſpair chill thy green wounds too faſt*
*For time to cure: O, hope for no remiſſion*
*Of pain, till* Cupid *ſend thee a* Phyſition.
*She is a woman; if a woman, then*
*My ſtate's good: Women were made for men.*
*She is a woman, though her heavenly brow*

*Write* Angel, *and may ſtoop, although not new;*
*Women, by looks, will not be underſtood*
*Vntil their hearts adviſe with fleſh and blood.*
*She is a woman, There's no reaſon why,*
*But ſhe (perchance) may burn as well as I.*
*Move then,* Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
*The ſtrength of her own beauty, in thy woe:*
*Fear not; what thou ador'ſt; begin to move,*
*Chris croſs fore-runs the* Alphabet *of love:*
*Tis half perfected, what is once begun;*
*She is a woman, and ſhe muſt be won.*

Like as a Swain, whoſe hands have made a vow,
And ſworn allegeance to the Peaceful Plow,
Preſt out for ſervice in the Martial camp,
At firſt (unentred) findes a liveleſs damp,
Beleagring every joynt, as often ſwounds
As here he views his ſword, or thinks of wounds;
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switcht and ſpurd on with deſp'rate fear of dying)
He hews, he hacks, and in the midſt he goes,
And freſhly deals about his frantick blows;
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe unbred faſhion
Had never yet ſubſcrib'd to loves ſweet paſſion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and ſecretly reſolves to yield
The day without a parly, till at length,
Fiercely tranſported by th'untutor'd ſtrength
Of his own paſſion, he himſelf aſſures,
That deſp'rate torments muſt have deſp'rate cures;
And thus to the divine *Parthenias* ears
Applies his ſpeech, devoid of doubts and fears;

*Faireſt of creatures, if my rude tongue,*
*To right it ſelf, ſhould do your patience wrong,*

*And lawlesse passion makes it too too free,*
*O blame your heavenly beauty and not me;*
*It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first*
*Enforc'd my tongue to speak, or heart to burst:*
*From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,*
*Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound*
*But by the hand that struck: To you alone,*
*I sue for help, that else must hope for none:*
*Then crown my joyes, thou* Antidote *of despair,*
*And be as merciful as thou art fair;*
*Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand*
*Made thee the Jewel of the* Arcadian *Land)*
*Intended in so rare a prize, to boast*
*Her master-piece: Hid Jewels are but lost;*
*Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,*
*But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.*
*Let not the best of all her works lie dead*
*In the nice* Casket *of a Maidenhead:*
*What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,*
*Th' art made in vain, unless thou make another:*
*Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,*
*Lest thou shouldst want a heart, ile give thee mine,*
*As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,*
*As thou with vertue, or thine eyes with beauty.*
*Why dost thou frown? Why does that heavenly brow*
*Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?*
*Send faith a by brighter sun-shine, and the white,*
*O lend me but the twilight of a smile:*
*Give me one amorous glance, why standst thou mute?*
*Disclose those ruby laps, and grant my suite:*
*Speak (love), or if thy doubtful minde be bent*
*To silence, let that silence be consent:*
*Nor beg I leave of alms, although in part,*

My

*My words may seem t'emplead my own desert,*
*Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend*
*Below themselves, t'enjoy so fair a friend.*
*I, that have oft with tears been sought to, sue;*
*And Queens have been his servants, that serves you:*
*The beauties of all Greece have been at strife*
*To win the name of great* Demagoras *wife,*
*And been despis'd, not worthy to obtain*
*So high an honor; what they sought (in vain)*
*I here present thee with, as thine own due,*
*It being an honor fit for none but you:*
*Speak then (my love) and let thy lips make known*
*That I am either thine, or not mine own.*

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheeks behinde a ruddy mask of clouds,
Which, who believe in *Erna* Poets say,
Presages wind, and blustry storms that day.
Such were *Parthenias* looks, in whose fair face
Roses and Lillies, late had equal place,
But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
Roses appear'd, and Lillies were not seen:
She paus'd a while, till at the last, she breaks
Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speaks,

*My Lord,*
*Had your strong Oratory but the Art,*
*To make me conscious of so great desert,*
*As you perswade, I should be bound in duty*
*To praise your wits with as you praise my beauty;*
*Or if the frailty of my judgment could*
*Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold*

*Your*

*Your words for currant, you might boldly dare*
*Count me as foolish, as you term me faire.*
*If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I*
*Have not so strong a game, to see the vie:*
*Alas, my skill durst never undertake*
*To play the game, where hearts be set at stake;*
*Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin*
*Seldom observ'd to save themselves, that win:*
*You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withall,*
*Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small*
*To fill the concave of so great a brest,*
*Whose thoughts can scorn the amorous request*
*Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain,*
*And factious suits of Ladies with disdain:*
*Stoop not so low beneath your Self (great Lord)*
*To love* Parthenia: *Shall so poor a word*
*Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclame*
*A more transcendent fortune, then that name*
*Can give? Call down* Joves *winged Pursuivant,*
*And give his tongue the power to enchant*
*Some easie Goddess, in your name, and treat*
*A marriage fitting so sublime, so great*
*A minde as yours, and fill the fruitful earth*
*With* Heroes, *sprung from so divine a birth:*
Partheniaes *heart could never yet aspire*
*So high: Her home-bred thoughts durst ne'r desire*
*So fond an honor, matcht with so great pride,*
*To hope for that, which Queens have been denyd.*
*Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat*
*S'unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:*
*Advance your noble thoughts; hazard no more*
*To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,*
*That to the wiser world, it may be known,*

*The*

*The leſs y'are mine, the more you are your own.*
Like as a guilty priſoner, upon whom
Offended Juſtice lately paſt her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeleſs to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy; but to the loath'd *Jail*
Drags his ſad Irons, and from thence commends
A haſty ſuite to his ſelected friends,
That by the vertue of a quick *Reprieve*,
The wretch might have ſome few days more to live.
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe rewounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected ſmart
And ſecret burthen of a deſperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room;
And in his diſcontented minde, revolves
Ten thouſand thoughts; and, at the laſt, reſolves
What courſe to run, relying on no other
But the aſſiſtance of *Partheniaes* mother.
Forthwith his fierce miſguided paſſion drove
His wandering ſteps to the next neighboring grove;
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did ſtand
A milk-white froth; his eyes like flames; ſometimes
He curſes Heaven; himſelf; and then the times;
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; deſpairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curſes the womb that bare him; bans the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:
*Why dyeſt thou not*, Demagoras, *when as death*
*Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath*
*Of diſcontents and paßion ſend relief*
*To thy diſtraction, or aſſwage thy grief?*
*Why mov'ſt thou not the gods? or, rather, why*
*Do'ſt not contemn, and ſcorn their power, and die?*

*But ſtay! Of whom doſt thou complain? A woman.*
*To whom (fond man) doſt thou complain? A woman.*
*And ſhall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?*
*Or ſhall a womans wanton ſmiles relieve thee?*
*Fie, fie,* Demagoras, *ſhall a womans eye*
*Prevail, to make the ſtout* Demagoras *die,*
*And leave to after times an entred name*
*Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for ſhame*
*Thy waſted ſpirits: whet thy ſpleen, and live*
*To be reveng'd: She, ſhe that would not give*
*Admittance to thy profer'd love, muſt drink*
*The potion of thy hate: ſtir then the ſink*
*Of all thy paſſion; where thou canſt not gain*
*By fairer language,* Tarquin *like conſtrain.*
*But hold thy hand,* Demagoras, *and adviſe;*
*Art gives advantage oft where force denies:*
*Suſpend thy fury: Make* Partheniaes *mother*
*Thy means: One Adamant will cut another:*
*Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratory;*
*Affect her tender heart with the ſad ſtory*
*Of thy dear love: Extol* Partheniaes *beauty:*
*But moſt of all, urge that deſerued duty*
*Thou ow'ſt her vertue, and make that the ground*
*Of thy firſt love, that gaue thy heart the wound:*
*Mingle thy words with ſighs; and it is meet,*
*If thou canſt force a tear, to let her ſee't,*
*Againſt thy will. Let thy falſe tongue forbear*
*No vows, and though thou beeſt for ſworn, yet ſwear:*
*If ere thy barren lips ſhall chance to pauſe,*
*For want of words;* Parthenia *is the cauſe,*
*Who hath benum'd thy heart; if ere they go*
*Beyond their liſts,* Parthenia *made them ſo:*
*Withal be ſure, when ere thou ſhalt aduance*

*The*

*The daughters vertues, let the glory glance*
*Vpon the prudent mother: Women care not*
*To hear too much of vertue if they ſhare not.*
*When thus thou haſt prepar'd her melting ear*
*To ſoft attention, cloſely, in the rear*
*Of thy diſcourſe, prefer thy ſad petition*
*That ſhe would pleaſe to favor the condition*
*Of a diſtreſſed lover, and afford*
*In thy behalf, a mothers timely word;*
*So ſhalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,*
*And make the mother bawd to her own childe.*

He pauſed not; but like a raſh projector
(Whoſe frantick paſſion was ſupreme director)
Fixt his firſt thoughts, impatient of the ſecond,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but loſt, which he beſtowed not
On th'execution of his hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Summer Palace, where reſided
The fair *Partheniaes* mother, boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventers
To break the Ice of his diſſembled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief:

*Madam,*
*The hopeful thriving of my ſuit depends*
*Vpon your goodneſs, and it recommends*
*It ſelf unto your favor, from whoſe hand*
*It muſt have ſentence, or to fall, or ſtand:*
*Thrice three times hath the Soveraign of the night,*
*Repaird her empty horns with borrowed light,*
*Since theſe ſad eyes, theſe beauty blaſted eyes*
*Were ſtricken by a light that did ariſe*
*From your bleſt womb, whoſe unaſſwaged ſmart*

*Hath pierc'd my ſoul, and wounded my poor heart;*
*It is the fair* Parthenia, *whoſe divine*
*And glorious vertue led theſe eyes of mine*
*To their own ruine; Like a wanton flie,*
*I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,*
*Till I have burn'd my wings: O, if to love*
*Be held a ſin; the guilty gods above*
*(Being fellow ſinners with us, and commit*
*The ſelf ſame crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.*
*O thrice divine* Parthenia, *that haſt got*
*A ſacred priviledg which the gods have not,*
*If thou haſt doom'd that I ſhall be bereaven*
*Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;*
*And welcome death that with one happy blow*
*Gives me more eaſe, then life could ever doe.*
*Madam, to whom ſhould my ſad words appeal*
*But you? Alas, to whom ſhould I reveal*
*My dying thoughts but unto you, that gave*
*Being to her, that hath the power to ſave*
*My waſted life; the language of a mother*
*Moves more then tears, that trickle from another.*
*With that a well diſſembled drop did ſlide*
*From his falſe eyes.* The Lady thus repli'd;
*My honorable Lord,*
*If my untimely anſwer hath prevented*
*Some farther words your paſſion would have vented,*
*Pardon my haſte, which in a ruder faſhion*
*Sought onely to divide you, from your paſſion:*
*The love you bear* Parthenia *muſt claime*
*The priviledg of mine ear, and in her name,*
*(Though from an abſent minde, as yet unknown)*
*Return I thanks, with intereſt of mine own.*
*The little judgment, that the gods have lent*

*Her*

*Her downy yeers (though in a ſmall extent)*
*Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice,*
*In the reſignment of a mothers voice:*
*The ſprightly fancies of a Virgins minde*
*Enter themſelves, and hate to be confinde;*
*The hidden Embers of a lovers fire*
*Deſire no bellows, but their own deſire;*
*And like to* Dedalus *his forge, if blown,*
*Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:*
*Lovers affect without adviſement, that*
*Which being moſt perſwaded to, they hate.*
*My Lord, adjourn your paſsion, and refer*
*The fortune of your ſuite to time, and her.*
*Like to a Pinace is a lovers minde,*
*The Sail his fancy is; a ſtorm of winde*
*His uncontrouled paſsion; the Stear's*
*His Reaſon; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:*
*Your ſtorm being great, like a wiſe Pilot bear*
*But little Sail, and ſtoutly ply the Stear:*
*Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me*
*My Lord, too haſty gameſters overſee.*
*Go, move* Parthenia; *and let* Juno's *bleſsing*
*Attend your hopeful ſuite, in the ſuppreſsing*
*Loves common evils; and if her warm deſire*
*Show but a ſpark, leave me to blow the fire.*
*Go, loſe no time: Lovers muſt be laborious;*
*My Lord, go proſperous and return victorious.*

With that, *Demagoras* (proſtrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that bleſſed ſound,
Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted ſacrifice) performs the rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voyce,
Which fed his ſoul with the malignant joyes

Of vow'd revenge; up from the floor he ſtarts,
Bleſſes the tongue that bleſt him, and departs.
By this time, had the Heaven-ſurrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting (heads
Into the lower Hemiſphere, to cool
Their flaming Noſtrils in the Weſtern Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Aire
Had bid the Lady of the Palace, ſhare
In her refined pleaſures, and invited
Her gentle ſteps, fully to be delighted
In thoſe ſweet walks, where *Flora*'s liberal hand
Had given more freely, then to all the Land.
There walked ſhe; and in her various minde,
Projects and caſts about which way to finde
The progreſs of the young *Partheniaes* heart;
Likes this way: Then a ſecond thought does thwart
The firſt; likes that way; then a third the ſecond;
One while ſhe likes the match, and then ſhe reckon'd
*Demagoras* vertues: Now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter; then ſhe counts his vices:
Sometimes ſhe calls his vows and oaths to minde;
Another while, thinks oaths and words but winde.
She likes, diſlikes; her doubtful thoughts do vary;
Reſolves, and then reſolves the quite contrary:
One while ſhe fears that his malign aſpect
Will give the Virgin cauſe to diſaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the golden cover of all faults:
And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digeſts
Her fears; creates a world of wealth, and reſts.
With that, ſhe ſtraight unfixt her faſtned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, eſpies
The fair *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,

Spending

Spending the treaſure of an Evening hour:
There ſate ſhe, reading the ſweet ſad diſcourſes
of *Chariclea*'s love; the entercourſes
Of whoſe mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the ſelf ſame joy, the ſelf-ſame ſmart:
She read, ſhe wept; and, as ſhe wept, ſhe ſmil'd,
As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
Th'extremes of joy and grief: ſhe clos'd the Book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers; muſing then a while,
She teaches ſmiles to weep; and tears to ſmile:
At length, her broken thoughts ſhe thus diſcovers.
*Vnconſtant ſtate of poor diſtreſſed lovers!*
*Is all extreme in love? No mean at all?*
*No draughts indifferent? Either honey or gall?*
*Hath* Cupids *univerſe no temp'rate Zone,*
*Either a torrid, or a frozen one?*
*Alas, alas, poor lovers!* As ſhe ſpake
Thoſe words, from her diſcloſed lips there brake
A gentle ſigh; and after that another:
With that, ſteps in her unexpected mother.
Have ye beheld, when *Titans* luſtful head
Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green bed
Of *Thetis*, how the baſhful Horizon
(Enforc'd to ſee what ſhould be ſeen by none)
Looks red for ſhame; and bluſhes to diſcover
Th'inceſtuous pleaſures of the Heaven-born lover?
So look'd *Parthenia*, when the ſudden eye
Of her unwelcome mother did deſcry
Her ſecret paſſion: The mothers ſmile
Brought forth the daughters bluſh; and level coyl
They ſmil'd and bluſht; one ſmile begat another;
The daughter bluſht, becauſe the jealous mother

Smil'd

Smil'd on her; and the ſilent mother ſmilde,
To ſee the conſcious bluſhing of her childe:
At length, grown great with words, ſhe did awake
Her forced ſilence, and ſhe thus beſpake;
*Bluſh not, my faireſt daughter: Tis no ſhame*
*To pity lovers, or lament that flame,*
*Which worth and beauty kindles in the breſt:*
*'Tis charity to ſuccor the diſtreſt.*
*The diſpoſition of a generous heart*
*Makes every grief her own; at leaſt, bears part.*
*What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear*
*Ere heard the flames of* Troy, *without a tear?*
*Much more the ſcorching of a lovers fire,*
*(Whoſe deſperate fewel is his own deſire)*
*May boldly challenge every gentle heart*
*To be joyntenant in his ſecret ſmart.*
*Why doſt thou bluſh? why did thoſe pearly tears*
*Slide down? Fear not: This arbor hath no ears:*
*Here's none but we; ſpeak then: It is no ſhame*
*To ſhed a tear; thy mother did the ſame:*
*Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,*
*Sent ere a meſſage to thy wounded heart?*
*Speak, in the name of* Hymen *I conjure thee:*
*If ſo, I have a Balſam ſhall recure thee;*
*I fear, I fear, the young* Laconian *Lord*
*Hath lately left ſome indigeſted word*
*In thy cold ſtomack; which, for want of art,*
*I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart:*
*If that be all, revealing brings relief;*
*Silence in love but multiplies a grief;*
*Hid ſorrow's deſperate, not to be endur'd,*
*Which being but diſclos'd, is eaſly cur'd:*
*Perchance thou lov'ſt* Demagoras, *and wouldſt ſmother*

*Thy*

*Thy cloſe affection from thy angry mother,*
*And reap the dainty fruits of love unſeen;*
*I did the like, or thou hadſt never been:*
*Stoln goods are ſweeteſt. If it be thy minde*
*To love in ſecret, I will be as blinde*
*As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare*
*Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care*
*Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire*
*The ſweet fruition of thy choice deſire:*
*Thou lov'ſt* Demagoras: *If thy lips deny,*
*Thy conſcious heart muſt give thy lips the lie:*
*And if thy liking countermand my will,*
*Thy puniſhment ſhall be to love him ſtill:*
*Then love him ſtill, and let his hopes inherit*
*The crown belonging to ſo fair a merit;*
*His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears*
*To ſpeak, at leaſt, an age above his years:*
*The blood of his increaſing honor ſprings*
*From the high ſtock of the* Arcadian *Kings:*
*The gods have bleſt him with a liberal hand,*
*Enricht him with the prime of all the land:*
*Honor and wealth attend his gates, and what*
*Can he command that he poſſeſſes not?*
*All which, and more, (if mothers can divine)*
*The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;*
*He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes*
*Have took him priſoner; he ſubmits, and lies*
*At thy dear mercy hoping ne'r to be*
*Ranſom'd from death, by any price, but thee.*
*Wrong not thy ſelf, in being too too nice,*
*And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,*
*Accept at firſt: It is a fooliſh minde*
*To be too coy:* Occaſion's *bald behinde.*

*Tis not the common work of every day*
*T' afford ſuch offers; take them while you may,*
*Times alter: Youth and beauty are but blaſts;*
*Vſe then thy time, whilſt youth and beauty laſts:*
*For if that loath'd and infamous reproach*
*Of a ſtale maid, but offer to incroach*
*Vpon opinion, th' art in eſtimation,*
*Like garments kept till they be out of faſhion:*
*Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all muſt ſtand*
*Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at ſecond hand;*
*Reſolve thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin life*
*With th' honorable freedom of a wife:*
*And let the fruits of that bleſt marriage be*
*A living pledg betwixt my childe and me.*

So ſaid; The fair *Parthenia* (in whoſe heart
Her ſtrong affection yet had got the ſtart
Of her obedience) makes a ſudden pauſe,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her beſt affection,
Sometimes ſubmits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her mothers: Thus divided
In her diſtracted fancy, ſometimes guided
By one deſire, and ſometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive mother:

*Madam,*
*Think not* Parthenia, *under a pretence*
*Of ſilence, ſtudies diſobedience:*
*Or by the crafty ſlowneſs of reply,*
*Borrows a quick advantage to deny:*
*It lies not in your power, to command*
*Beyond my will; unto your tender hand*
*I here ſurrender up that little All*
*You gave me, freely to diſpoſe withall:*

*The gods forbid*, Parthenia *ſhould reſiſt*
*What you command, command you what you liſt:*
*But pardon me, the young* Laconian *Lord*
*Hath made aſſault, but never yet could board*
*This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,*
*But my miſconſtred ſtreams did ne'r proceed*
*From* Cupids *ſpring: This blubber'd book makes known*
*Whoſe griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;*
*My lowly thoughts durſt never yet aſpire*
*The leaſt degree, towards the proud deſire*
*Of ſo great honor, to be call'd his wife*
*For whom ambitious Queens have been at ſtrife;*
*He ſu'd for love, and ſtrongly did importune*
*My heart, more pleaſed with a meaner fortune;*
*My breſt was marble, and my heart forgot*
*All pity; for indeed, I lov'd him not:*
*But Madam; you, to whoſe more wiſe directions*
*I bend the ſtouteſt of my raſh affections,*
*You have commanded, and your will ſhall be*
*The ſquire of my uneven deſires, and me;*
*Ile practiſe duty, and my deed ſhall ſhow it;*
*Ile practiſe love, though* Cupid *never know it.*

When great *Baſilius* (he whoſe princely hand
Nouriſht long peace in the *Arcadian* land)
With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
His new eſpouſed Queen, was great reſort
Of forain States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeleev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia*'s worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addreſt,
With ſolemn Jouſts to glorifie the feaſt
Of marriage royal, lately paſt between

Th' *Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whoſe face and breſt,
Nature, and curious art had done their beſt,
To ſum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Tranſcends the power of a ſtrong belief;
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whoſe fame
Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,
Then if he had, with his victorious hand,
Unſceptred half the Princes in the land:
To tell the glory of this royal Feaſt,
The Bridegrooms ſtate, and how the Bride was dreſt;
The princely ſervice, and the rare delights;
The ſeveral names and worth, of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impreſa*'s, their deviſeful ſhows;
Their Martial ſports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud horſe;
Who ran; who got the better, who, the worſe,
Is not my task; nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heraulds may:
Yet fame and honor have ſelected one
From that illuſtrious crue; and him alone
Have recommended to my careful quill,
Forbidding that his honor ſhould lie ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his ſpirit,
That day, had crowned with a victors merit:
His name was *Argalus*; in *Cyprus* born:
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his blood royal ſprings
From th'ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His outſide, had enough to ſatisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half ſo fair, whom fame and duty

He

He ought to honor, call'd ſo often forth,
T'approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His minde was richly furniſht with the treaſure
Of Moral knowledg, in ſo liberal meaſure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and ſo ſtrong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Faſt to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and maſter of his paſſion,
Serious in buſineſs, choice in recreation:
Not too miſtruſtful, and yet wiſely wary;
Hard to reſolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with ſo rare a minde.
Thrice had the bright ſurveyor of the heaven
Divided out the days and nights by eaven
And equal howers, ſince this childe of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
Firſt view'd *Partheniaes* face, whoſe mutual eye
Shot equal flames, and with the ſecret tye
Of undiſclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yeelding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd; the more they ſtrove to hide
Their love, affection they the more deſcride.
*It lies beyond the power of art to ſmother*
*Affection, where one vertue findes another.*
One was their thoughts, and their deſires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the ſelf-ſame time
Was ſent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could help, was none relievd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none

But two in all, and yet that *all* but one.
By this time had their barren lips betraid
Their timerous ſilence; now they had diſplaid
Loves ſanguine colours, whilſt the winged Child
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands; and ſmil'd
To ſee the combat of two wounded friends.
He ſtrikes and wounds himſelf, while ſhe defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound, ſhe bleeds;
She playes at him, and aiming at his breſt,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addreſt
The blow to her fair boſom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
Both loſt the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did ceaſe,
Their lips gave earneſt of a joyful peace.

*But O the hideous chances that attend*
*A lovers progreſs, to his journies end!*
*How many deſp'rate rubs, and dangers wait*
*Each minute, on his miſerable ſtate!*
*His hopes do build, what ſtraight his fears deſtroy:*
*Sometimes he ſurfeits with exceſs of joy:*
*Sometimes deſpairing ere to finde relief,*
*He rores beneath the tyranny of grief;*
*And when loves current runs with greateſt force,*
*Some obvious miſchief ſtill diſturbs the courſe:*

For lo, no ſooner the diſcovered flame
Of theſe new parted lovers did proclame
Loves ſacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The poſture of whoſe viſage did diſcover
Some ſerious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the room: Half angry, half in jeſt,

She

She thus began: *My deareſt childe, this night,*
*When as the ſilent darkneſs did invite*
*Mine eyes to ſlumber, ſundry thoughts poſſeſt*
*My troubled minde, and rob'd me of my reſt;*
*I ſlept not, till the early bugle horn*
*Of* Chaunticlere *had ſummon'd in the morn*
*T'attend the Light, and nurſe the new born Day:*
*At laſt, when* Morpheus, *with his leaden key*
*Had lockt my ſenſe, and enlarg'd the power*
*Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an hour*
*I ſlumber'd; and before my ſlumbring eyes,*
*One, and the ſelf ſame dream preſented thrice;*
*I wak'd; and being frighted at the viſion,*
*Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition.*
*My dream was this: Me thought I ſaw thee ſitting*
*Dreſt like a princely Bride, with robes befitting*
*The ſtate of Majeſty; thy Nymph-like hair*
*Looſly diſhevel'd, and thy brows did bear*
*A* Cypreſs *wreath; and* (*thrice three moneths expir'd*)
*Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd*
Lucina's *aid; with that, me thought I ſaw*
*A team of harneſt* Peacocks *fiercely draw*
*A fiery Chariot from the flitting skie,*
*Wherein there ſate the glorious Majeſty*
*Of great* Saturnia, *on whoſe train attended*
*A hoſt of goddeſſes;* Juno *deſcended*
*From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt*
*Thy painful womb: Thy pains a while increaſt,*
*At length ſhe laid her gentle palms upon*
*Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a ſon:*
*She made thee mother of a ſmiling boy,*
*And after, bleſt thee with a mothers joy,*
*She kiſt the Babe, whoſe fortune ſhe foretold;*

*For*

*For on his head she set a crown of gold;*
*Forthwith, as if the heavens had cloven in sunder,*
*Me thought I heard the horrid noise of thunder;*
*The hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,*
*Some hailstones that descended did appear*
*As Orient pearls, some like refined gold,*
*Whereat the goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,*
*Great* Jove *hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't:*
*Thus having spoke, she vanisht, and I wak'd:*
*I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew*
*They were no idle passages, that grew*
*From my distempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain*
*Delusion roaving from a troubled brain:*
*It was a vision, and the gods forespake*
Partheniaes *fortune: gods cannot mistake.*
*I lik'd the dream, wherein the heavens foretold*
*Thy joyful marriage, and the shewer of gold*
*Betokened wealth: The Infants golden Crown,*
*Ensuing honor:* Juno's *coming down,*
*A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy*
*Sum'd up the total of a mothers joy:*
*But what the wreath of Cypress (that was set*
*Vpon thy nuptial brows) presag'd, as yet*
*The gods keep from me: if that secret doe*
*Portend an evil, heaven keep it from thee too.*
*Advise* Parthenia: *seek not to withstand*
*The plot wherein the gods vouchsafe a hand:*
*Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyne,*
*Must be; nor lies it in my power, or thine*
*To contradict: Endevour to fulfil*
*What, else, must come to pass against thy will.*
*Now by the filial duty thou dost bear*
*The gods and me, or if ought else more dear*

*Can force obedience; as thou hop'ſt to ſpeed*
*At the gods hands, in greateſt time of need;*
*By heaven, by hell, by all the powers above,*
*I here conjure* Parthenia *to remove*
*All fond conceits, that labor to disjoyn*
*What heaven hath knit,* Demagoras *heart and thine;*
*The gods are faithful; and their wiſdoms know*
*What's better for us mortals, then we do:*
*Doubt not (my childe) the gods cannot deceive:*
*What heaven does offer, fear not to receive*
*With thankful hands; paſs not ſo ſlightly over*
*The dear affection of ſo true a lover:*
*Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breſt,*
*That findes abroad no joy, at home no reſt:*
*But, like a wounded Hart before the hounds,*
*That flies, with* Cupids *javelin in his wounds:*
*Stir up thy rak't up embers of deſire,*
*The gods will bring in fewel and blow the fire;*
*Be gentle; let thy cordial ſmiles revive*
*His waſted ſpirits, that onely cares to live*
*To do thee honor: It was* Cupids *will,*
*The* Dart *he ſent, ſhould onely wound, not kill;*
*Yeeld then: and let th'engaged gods powre down*
*Their promis'd bleſſings on thy head, and crown*
*Thy youth with joyes; and mayſt thou after be*
*As bleſt in thine, as I am bleſt in thee.*

So ſaid, the fair *Parthenia*, to whoſe heart
Her fixt deſires had taught th'unwilling Art
Of diſobedience, calls her judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſin
More venial, by a reſolute denial,
To prove undutiful, then be diſloyal
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred vow had tyed

So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus replied.

*Madam,*
*The angry gods have late conspir'd to show*
*The utmost their enraged hands could do,*
*And having laid aside all mercy, stretch*
*Their power, to make one miserable wretch,*
*Whose curst and tortur'd soul must onely be*
*The subject of their wrath; and I am she.*
*Hard is the case I my dear desires must fail,*
*My vows must crack; my plighted faith be fra'l;*
*Or else affection must be so exil'd*
*A mothers heart, that she renounce her child.*

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears gusht out, whose violence deny'd
Th'intended passage of her doubling tongue:
She stopt a while, then on the floor she flung
Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:
Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her brest;
Began some words, and then wept out the rest:
At last, her liveless hands did, by degrees,
Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

*Vpon these knees, these knees that ne'r were bent*
*To you in vain: that never did present*
*Their unrewarded duty: never rose*
*Without a mothers blessing; upon those,*
*Vpon those naked knees I recommend*
*To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend*
*Your poor* Parthenia, *whose unknown distress*
*Craves rather death, then language to express.*
*What shall I do?* Demagoras *and death*

Sound

*Sound both alike to theſe ſad ears; that breath*
*That names the one, does nominate the other:*
*No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.*
*Command* Parthenia *now to undergo*
*What death you pleaſe, and theſe quick hands ſhall ſhow*
*The ſeal of my obedience in my heart:*
*The gods themſelves, that have a ſecret art*
*To force affection, cannot violate*
*The laws of Nature, or the courſe of* Fate.
*Can earth forget her burthen, and aſcend?*
*Or can th'aſpiring flames be taught to tend*
*To th'earth? If fire deſcend, and earth aſpire,*
*Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire:*
*Even ſo, by nature, 'tis all one to me,*
*To love* Demagoras *and not to be:*
*No, no, the heavens can do no act that's greater,*
*Then (having made ſo) to preſerve their creature:*
*And think you that the righteous gods will fill me*
*With ſuch falſe joyes, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?*
*I know that they are merciful, what they*
*Command, they give a power to obey.*
*The joyful* Viſion *that your ſlumbring eyes*
*Of late beheld, did promiſe and compriſe*
*A fairer fortune, then the heavens can ſhare*
*The poor* Partheniaes *merit; whom deſpaire*
*Hath ſwallow'd: Your prophetick dream deſcride*
*A royal marriage; pointed out the Bride:*
*Her ſafe deliverance; and her ſmiling ſon;*
*Honor and wealth; and after all was done,*
*There wants a* Bridegroom; *him the heavens have ſeal'd*
*Within my breſt, by me, to be reveal'd;*
*Which if your patience ſhall vouchſafe to hear,*
*My lips ſhall recommend unto your ear.*

*When as* Basilius *(may whose royal hand*
*Long sway the scepter of th'* Arcadian *Land)*
*From* Cyprus *brought his more then Princely Bride,*
*The fair* Gynecia, *(whom as* Greece *deride*
*An equal; so the world acknewledg'd none*
*As her superior in perfection:)*
*Vpon this Ladies royal train, and state,*
*A great concourse of Nobles did await,*
*And* Cyprian *Princes, with their princely port,*
*To see her crown'd in the* Arcadian *Court:*
*Illustrious Princes were they, but as far*
*As midnight Phebe outshines a twinkling star,*
*So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one*
*Surpast the rest, in honor and renown:*
*Whose perfect vertue findes more admiration*
*In the* Arcadian *Court, then imitation:*
*In th'ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,*
*The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature*
*Out-went it self; which being richly fraught*
*And furnisht with transcendent worth, is thought*
*To be the chosen fortress for protection*
*Of all the* Arts, *and store-house of* perfection:
*The* Cyprus *stock did ne'r, till now, bring forth*
*So rare a Branch, whose undervalued worth*
*Brings greater glory to the* Arcadian *Land,*
*Then can the dull* Arcadians *understand:*
*His name is* Argalus; *(Madam) was that* Cypres wreath, *that crown'd*
*My nuptial brows, And now the Bridegroom's found,*
*Clork'd in the mystery of that* Cypres wreath;
*Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath*
*Into my soul, O may I cease to be,*
*If ought but death part* Argalus *and me:*

*Yet does my ſafe obedience not withſtand*
*What you deſire, or what the gods command:*
*For what the gods command is your deſire*
Parthenia *ſhould obey; and not reſpire*
*Againſt their ſacred counſels, or withſtand*
*The plot, wherein they have vouchſaf'd a hand:*
*We muſt ſubmit our wills; that they enjoyn,*
*Muſt be; nor lies it in your power or mine,*
*To croſs: we muſt endevor to fulfill*
*What elſe muſt come to paſs againſt our will;*
*My vows are paſt, and ſecond heavens decree,*
*Nothing ſhall part my* Argalus *and me.*

So ſaid, th'impatient mothers kindled eye
(Half cloſed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A ſcorching firebal, from whence was ſhed
Some drops of choler; ſternly ſhakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as ſhe fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the man?*
But there ſhe ſtops, and ſtriving to expreſs
What rage had prompted, could do nothing leſs.

*All you whoſe dear affections have been toſt*
*In* Cupids *blanket, and unjuſtly croſt*
*By wilful Parents, whoſe extreme command*
*Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand;*
*That take a furious pleaſure to diverſe*
*Your ſouls from your beſt thoughts, (nay what is worſe*
*Then torture) force your fancies to reſpect,*
*And dearly love, whom moſt you diſaffect;*
*Draw near, and comfort the diſtreſſed heart*
*Of poor* Parthenia; *let your eyes impart*
*One drop at leaſt: and whoſo'er thou be*

*That read'ſt theſe lines, may thy deſires ſee*
*The like ſucceſs, if reading, thou forbear,*
*To wet this very paper with a tear.*
Behold (poor Lady) how an howers time
Hath pluck't her faded Roſes from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes:
She, ſhe, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crownd
With promis'd joyes, lies grov'ling on the ground;
Her weary hand ſuſtains her drooping head;
(*Too ſoft a pillow for ſo hard a bed*)
Her eyes ſwoln up, as loth to ſee the light,
That would diſcover ſo forlorn a ſight:
The flaxen wealth of her neglected hairs
Stick faſt to her pale cheeks with dried tears;
And at firſt bluſh, ſhe ſeems, as if it were
Some curious ſtatue on a Sepulchre:
Sometimes her briny lips would whiſper thus,
*My Argalus, my deareſt Argalus*:
And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kiſt the other, for that ſervice done,
In naming *Argalus*: ſometimes oppreſt
With a deep ſigh, ſhe gave her fainting breſt
A ſudden ſtroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And ſick with her own thoughts, her paſſion ſtrove
Betwixt the two extremes of grief and love:
The more ſhe griev'd, the more her love abounded;
The more ſhe lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With deſp'rate grief: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, ſent forth this ſelf-diſcourſe.
*How art thou chang'd* (Parthenia) *how hath paſſion*
*Put all thy thoughts and ſenſes out of faſhion?*

*Exil'd*

*Exil'd thy little judgment, and betray'd thee*
*To thine own ſelf? How nothing hath it made thee?*
*How is thy weather-beaten ſoul oppreſt*
*With ſtorms and tempeſts blown from the* Northeaſt
*Of cold deſpair? which, long ere this, had found*
*Eternal reſt; had been orewhelm'd and drown'd*
*In the deep gulf of all my miſeries,*
*Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;*
*My* Argalus; *O where, O where art thou?*
*Thou little think'ſt thy poor* Parthenia, *now,*
*Is tortur'd for thy ſake; alas, (dear heart!)*
*Thou knoweſt not the unſufferable ſmart*
*I undergo for thee: thou doſt not keep*
*A Regiſter of thoſe ſad tears I weep,*
*No, no, thou doſt not.*
*Well, well; from henceforth,* Fortune, *do not ſpare*
*To do the worſt thy active miſchief dare;*
*Deviſe new torments, or repeat the old,*
*Vntil thou burſt, or I complain: Be bold,*
*As bitter; I diſdain thy rage, thy power;*
*Who's level'd with the earth, can fall no lower;*
*Do; ſpit thy venome forth, and temper all*
*Thy ſtudied actions with the ſpirit of gall:*
*Thy practis'd malice can no charm deviſe*
*Too ſure for* Argalus *to exerciſe:*
*His love ſhall ſweeten death, and make a torture*
*My ſportful paſtime, to make howers ſhorter:*
*His love ſhall fill my heart, and leave no room*
*Wherein your rage may practice Martyr dom.*
But ere that word could uſher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the chamber; with a chang'd aſpect
Beholds *Parthenia*; with a new reſpect

Salutes

Salutes her childe, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon ſhe lay; and being ſet together,
In gentle terms, ſhe thus did commune with her:
*Perverſe* Parthenia, *is thy heart ſo ſworn*
*To* Argalus *his love, that it muſt ſcorn*
Demagoras? *are your ſouls conjoyn'd ſo cloſe,*
*That my entreaty may not interpoſe?*
*If ſo, what help? yet let a mothers care*
*Be not contemn'd, that bids her childe beware.*
*The ſickle that's too early, cannot reap*
*A fruitful harveſt; look before you leap.*
*Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wiſe delay,*
*You cannot meaſure vertue in a day;*
*Vertues appear, but vices balk the light;*
*Tis hard to read a vice at the firſt ſight.*
*Falſe are thoſe joyes that are not mixt with doubt,*
*Fire eaſily kindled, will not eaſily out:*
*Divide that love, which thou beſtow'ſt on one,*
*Twixt two; try both, then take the beſt or none:*
*Conſult with time; for time bewrayes, diſcovers*
*The faith, the love, the conſtancy of lovers.*
*Acts done in haſte, by leiſure are repented,*
*And things, ſoon paſt, are oft too late lamented.*
With that *Parthenia*, riſing from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: *Madam, each ſeveral day*
*Since firſt you gave this body being, may*
*Write a large volume of your tender care,*
*Whoſe hourly goodneſs if it ſhould compare*
*With my deſerts, alas, the world would ſhow*
*Too great a ſum for one poor heart to owe.*
*I muſt confeſs my heart is not ſo ſworn*

*To* Argalus *his merit, as to ſcorn*
Demagoras; *nor yet ſo looſely tide,*
*That I can ſlip the knot, and ſo divide*
*Entire affection, which muſt not be ſever'd,*
*Nor ever can be (but in vain) endevour'd:*
*My heart is one, and by one power guided:*
*One is no number, cannot be divided:*
*And* Cupids *learned Schoolmen have reſolv'd,*
*That love divided is but love diſſolv'd:*
*But yet, what plighted faith and honor may*
*Not now undo, your counſel ſhall delay.*
*Madam,* Partheniaes *hand is not ſo greedy,*
*To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:*
*Her unadviſed ſickle ſhall not thruſt*
*Into her hopeful Harveſt, ere needs muſt:*
*To yours,* Parthenia *ſhall ſubmit her skill,*
*Whoſe ſeaſon ſhall be ſeaſon'd by your will:*
*Her time of harveſt ſhall admit no meaſure*
*But onely what's proportioned by your pleaſure.*
So ended ſhe; but till that darkneſs got
The maſtry of the light, they parted not:
The mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whoſe impatience had abhor'd
His very name, had not her mother ſpok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:
Yet ſtill the mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard hearted wit
Knows to deviſe; perſwades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with ſmiles, with tears, with threats;
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th'utmoſt that a marble breſted mother
Can do; and yet the more ſhe did apply,
The more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to deny;

The more she did assault, the more contend;
The more she taught the Virgin to defend:
At last, despairing (for her words did finde
More hopes to move a mountain, then her minde)
She spake no more; but from her chair she started,
And spit these words, *Go peevish Girl*, and parted:
Away she flings, and finding no success
In her lost words, her fury did address
Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot;
Actions must now enforce, what words could not.
Treason is in her thoughts; her furious breath
Can whisper now no language, under death;
Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love:
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to speed; Poor *Argalus* must die.
*Demagoras* is call'd to counsel now,
Consults, consents; and after mutual vow,
Resolving on the act, they both conspire
Which way to execute their close desire:
Drawing his keen *Stiletto* from his side,
*Madam* (said he) *this medicine will applide*
*To* Argalus *his basenve, will your rest*
*To him, and me; the sudden way is best.*
*My Lord; your trembling hand* (said she) *may miss*
*The mark, and shew your self in danger is*
*Of out-cry; or perchance his own resistance:*
*Attempts are dangerous, at so small a distance:*
*A Drug's the better weapon, which does breath*
*Death secret errupt, scarce sudden death*
*Clos'd up in sweetness: Come, a Drug stricken sure,*
*And works our ends, and yet no sleep assure;*
*My Lord, bethink no other; set your rest*

*Upon*

*Vpon theſe* Cards; *the ſureſt way is beſt:*
*Leave me to manage our ſucceſsful plot,*
*And if theſe ſtudious brows contrive it not*
*Too ſure for art of* Magick *to prevent,*
*Ne'r truſt a womans wit when fully bent*
*To take revenge: Be gone, my Lord, Repoſe*
*The truſt in me: Onely be wiſe, be cloſe.*
That night, when as the univerſal ſhade
Of the unſpangled Heaven, and Earth, had made
An utter darkneſs; (darkneſs apt to further
The horrid enterpriſe of rapes, and murther)
She, ſhe, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, ſhe calls *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom ſhe thus beſpake:
Athleia, *dare thy private thoughts partake*
*With mine? Canſt thou be ſecret? Has thy heart*
*A lock, that none can pick by theeviſh art,*
*Or break by force? tell me, canſt thou digeſt*
*A ſecret, truſted to thy faithful breſt?*
*Madam,* (ſaid ſhe) *Let me be never true*
*To my own thoughts, if ever falſe to you:*
*Speak what you pleaſe;* Athleia *ſhall conceal;*
*Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.*
Repli'd the Lady then: Athleia *knows*
*How much, how much my dear affection owes*
Partheniaes *heart, whoſe welfare is the crown*
*Of all my joyes, which now is overthrown*
*And deeply buried in forgotten duſt,*
*If thou betray the ſecret of my truſt;*
*It lieth in thy power to remove*
*Approaching evils:* Parthenia *is in love:*
*Her waſted ſpirits languiſh in her breſt,*
*And nought, but look'd for death, can give her reſt:*

*Tis* Argalus *she loves; who with disdain*
*Requites her love, not loving her again;*
*He slights her tears, the more that he neglects;*
*The more entirely she (poor soul) affects:*
*She groans beneath the burthen of despair,*
*And with her sighes she cloyes the idle air:*
*Thou art acquainted with her private fears,*
*And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,*
*Must know too much, for one poor heart t'endure;*
*But desperate's the wound admits no cure:*
*It lies in thee to help:* Athleia, *say,*
*Wilt thou assist me, if I finde the way?*
*Madam, my forced ignorance shall be*
*Sufficient earnest for my secrecy:*
*Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new*
*To* Athleia's *ears; alas, it is too true:*
*Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd*
*The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:*
*But if my best endevours may extend*
*To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end,*
*Let all th'enraged Deities allot*
*To me worse torment, if I do it not:*
*My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;*
*Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please.*
So said, the treacherous Lady stept aside,
Into her serious closet; and appli'd
Her hasty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

---

To her faithful *Argalus.*

*Although the malice of a mother*
*Does yet enforce my tongue to smother*
*What my desire is, should flame;*
*Yet* Parthenia's *the same.*

*Al-*

*Although my fire be hid a while,*
*Tis but fire ſlak'd with oyl:*
*Before ſeven Suns ſhall riſe and fall,*
*It ſhall burn, and blaze withall.*

*What I ſend thee, drink with ſpeed,*
*Elſe let my* Argalus *take heed;*
*Vnleſs thy providence withſtand,*
*There is treaſon neer at hand:*
*Drink as thou lov'ſt me, and it ſhall ſecure thee*
*From future dangers, or from paſt, recure thee.*
Thy conſtant *Parthenia.*

This done, and ſeal'd, ſhe op'd her private doore,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and ſaid, *For every ſore*
*The gods provide a ſalve; force muſt prevail*
*Where ſighes and tears, and deep entreaties fail.*
Forthwith, from out her Cabinet ſhe took
A little glaſs, and ſaid, Athleia, *look,*
*Within theſe ſlender walls, theſe glazed liſts,*
Partheniaes *happineſs, and life conſiſts:*
*It is* Nepenthe; *which the factious gods*
*Do uſe to drink, when ere they be at ods;*
*Whoſe ſecret vertue (ſo infus'd by* Jove)
*Does turn deep hatred, into deareſt love;*
*It makes the proudeſt lover whine and baul,*
*And ſuch to dote, as never lov'd at all:*
*Here, take this glaſs, and recommend the ſame*
*To* Argalus *in his* Partheniaes *name,*
*And to his hand, to his own hand commit*
*This Letter; between* Argalus *and it*
*Let no eye come: Be ſure thy ſpeed prevent*
*The riſing Sun; and ſo heavens crown th'event.*
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night

Sent forth his midnight ſummons, to invite
All eyes to ſlumber; when they both addreſt
Their thoughtful mindes, to take a doubtful reſt.
*O heavens! and you, O you celeſtial powers,*
*That never ſlumber, but imploy all howers*
*In mans protection; ſtill preſerving, keeping*
*Our ſouls from obvious dangers, waking, ſleeping.*
*O, can your all-diſcerning eyes behold*
*Such impious actions proſper uncontrol'd?*
*O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure*
*To ſee your ſervant (that now ſleeps ſecure,*
*Vnarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,*
*But your protection, and his innocence)*
*Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath*
*His own prepar'd deſtruction, his own death?*
*And will ye ſuffer't? he that is the crown*
*Of prized vertue, honor and renown;*
*The flower of Arts; the* Cyprian *living ſtory:*
Arcadia's *Garland, and great* Greeces *glory;*
*The Earths new wonder, and the worlds example,*
*Muſt die betray'd; treaſon and death muſt trample*
*Vpon his life; and, in the duſt muſt lie*
*As much admir'd perfection, as can die.*
*No,* Argalus, *the coward hand of death*
*Durſt ne'r aſſault thee, if not underneath*
*The maſk of love: thou art above the reach*
*Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach*
*Into thy life: no, Death could ne'r uncaſe*
*Thy ſoul, had ſhe appeared face to face.*
*Dream,* Argalus, *and let thy thoughts be troubled*
*With murthers, treaſons, let thy dreams be doubled:*
*And what thy frighted fancy ſhall perceive,*
*Be wiſely ſuperſtitious, and believe.*

*O,*

*O, that my lines could wake thee now, and ſever*
*Thoſe eye-lids, that ere long muſt ſleep for ever:*
*Wake now or never* Argalus, *and withſtand*
*Thy danger: Wake, the murtheress is at hand:*
Parthenia, *O* Parthenia, *who ſhall weep*
*Thy world of tears? Canſt thou, O canſt thou ſleep?*
*Will thy dull genius give thee leave to ſlumber?*
*Does nothing trouble thee? no dream incumber*
*Thy frighted thoughts, and* Argalus *ſo near*
*His lateſt hower? Not one dreaming tear?*
*Sleep on: and when thy flattering ſlumber's paſt,*
*Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as faſt:*
*His death is plotted; and this morning light*
*Muſt ſend him down, into eternal night:*
*Nay what is worſe then worſt; his dying breath*
*Will cenſure thee, as* Agent *in his death.*

By this, the broad fac'd *Quiriſter* of night
Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighboring Ivy: birds and beaſts
Forſake the warm protections of their neaſts,
And nightly dens, whilſt darkneſs did diſplay
Her ſable curtains to let in the day;
When ſad *Athlia*'s dream had unbenighted
Her ſlumbering eyes, her buſie thoughts were frighted;
She roſe, and trembled; and being half diſtraught
With her prophetick fears, thus thus bethought.

*What ails the gods thus to diſturb my reſt,*
*And make ſuch earthquakes in my troubled breſt?*
*Nothing but death, and murthers: Graves and Bells,*
*Frightning my fancy, with their hourly knells?*
*Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they ſay,*
*Expound themſelves the clean contrary way:*
*The riddle's read; and now I underſtand*

My

*My dreams intents: Some marriage is at hand:*
*For death interpreted is nothing else*
*But Marriage; and the melancholy Bells*
*Is mirth and musick: By the grave, is read*
*The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:*
*I, it is plain: and now, me thinks 'twas I*
*That my prophetick dream foretold should die.*
*If this be death,* Death *exercise thy power,*
*And let* Athleia *die within this hour:*
*Do, do thy worst,* Athleia's *faithful breath*
*Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death.*
*But stay,* Athleia, *the too forward day*
*Begins to gild the East; away, away.*

So having said, the nimble fingered Lass
Took the forg'd letter, and the amorous glass:
And to her early progress she applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* she hies her;
But every step she took, her minde enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:

*How frail's the nature of a womans will!*
*How cross! The thing that's most forbidden, still*
*They more desire; and least inclin'd, to do*
*What they are most of all perswaded to:*
*Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,*
Athleia *ne'r had strugled with her bands:*
*I must not taste it: And she not enjoyn'd*
*My lips from tasting it,* Athleia's *minde*
*Had never thought on't; now me thinks I long;*
*Desires, if once confin'd, become too strong*
*For womans conquer'd reason to resist:*
*A womans reason's measur'd by her list.*
*I long to taste; yet was there nothing did*
*Move my desire, but that I was forbid.*

With

With that, ſhe ſtaid her weary ſteps, and haſted
T'unty the glaſs; lift up her arm, and taſted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almoſt,
Her journeyes end) the little time ſhe loſt,
New ſpeed regains: The nimble ground ſhe traces
With double haſte, and quick redoubled paces.
All on a ſudden ſhe begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her bliſtred tongue grows hot, her liver glows:
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She ſtaggers, falls, and on the ground ſhe lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and burſts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to thoſe that love thee not:
Live long, and let the righteous powers above,
That have preſerv'd thee for *Parthenia*'s love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes, with event
Too ſure, for ſecond treaſons to prevent.
By this time, did the laviſh breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame
*Athleia*'s death; the current of which news
Truths warrant had forbidden to abuſe
Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,
Whoſe treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, ſhe aroſe
And with rude violence deſperately throws
Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what ſhe ſaid, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced ſilence ſmother,
Becauſe ſhe was the fair *Parthenia*'s mother:
May it ſuffice, that the extreams of ſhame,

And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, then success; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, then what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,
She sinks; and with a hollow sigh, she cried,
*Welcome thou easer of all evils*, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Satyrysis* to hear
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:
Whilst loud report, (whose tender lips, before,
Durst onely whisper) now begins to roar;
The letter found in dead *Athelia*'s breast,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was guest,
Is now confirm'd, and clear'd: for all men knew
Whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

*But have we lost* Parthenia? *In what Isle*
*Of endless sorrow lurks she all this while?*
*Sweet Reader urge me not to tell, for fear*
*Thy heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:*
*Excuse my silence: if my lines should speak,*
*Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.*
*No, leave her to herself; it is not fit*
*To write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit;*
*I leave this task to those, that take delight,*
*To see poor Ladies tortur'd in despight*
*Of all remorse; whose hearts are still as strife*
*To paint a torment to the very life;*
*I leave that task to such, as have the pow'r*
*To weep, and smile again within an hour!*

To

*To those whose flinty hearts are more contented*
*To lim a grief then pity the tormented:*
*Let it suffice, that had not heaven protected*
*Her* Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
*That furious grief, which passion recommended*
*To her sad thoughts, her story had ended.*
When time (the enemy of Fame) had clos'd
Her babling lips, and gently had compos'd
*Partheniaes* sorrows, raising from the ground
Her body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
In her own tears; a long expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to dream
Her marish eyes; her stormy night of tears
Being past a welcome day of joy appears:
The rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows; Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear:
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with sowre;
His hell and heaven oft times divides an houre.
Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access
To his *Parthenia*: now, fears nothing less
Then ears and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together:
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with chat;
Now, this they make their subject: and now, that:
One while they laugh; and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as jealous lovers use to do:
And then a kiss must make them friends again:

Faith, one's too little; Lovers muſt have twain:
Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then becauſe the plenty
Grows troubleſome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gave kiſſes without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all loves paſſages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why;
The manner how, and who were preſent by:
The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd ſuſpition:
Her baited words, her marble diſpoſition:
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:
His ſoliloquies, and her ſecret tears:
Where firſt they met; th' occaſion of their meeting:
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger; his deliverance; and the reaſon
That firſt induc't the Agents to the treaſon.
Thus by the priviledg of time and leiſure
Their ſweet diſcourſes (crown'd with mutual pleaſure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,
Which bid them part too ſoon: what day deni'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night ſuppli'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day ſo ſhort, the night ſo long.
But now the little winged god repented
That he had laught ſo much; his heart relented;
His very ſoul grew ſad; his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny:
Laments their ſorrows: findes a ſecret way,
To make the night as pleaſing as the day:
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear diſcovers
The lingring torments of theſe wounded Lovers:

Gives

Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'engroſs their names within his Regiſter.
And now *Partheniaes* harveſt draweth near:
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy ſhall reap, what a world of grief hath ſown:
The time's appointed, and the day's ſet down,
Wherein ſweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their eſpouſed hands.
Here ſtop my Muſe: retire thy ſelf and ſtay,
To gather breath againſt the *Marriage day*.

*Readers, the joyful Bride ſalutes ye all:*
*In her behalf, if any have let fall*
*A tender tear, to thoſe ſhe makes requeſt,*
*That they'l be pleas'd to grace her marriage feaſt.*

# *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

## *The ſecond Book.*

SAil, gentle *Pinace*: Now the heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair: Behold the harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
The rocks are paſt: The ſtorm is overblown.
Up weather-beaten voyagers and rouze ye,
Forſake your loathed *Cabbins*; up and louze ye,
Upon the open decks, and ſmell the land:
Chear up; the welcome ſhore is nigh at hand:

Sail, gentle *Pinace*, with a proſperous gale,
To th'Ile of *Peace*: Sail, gentle *Pinace*, ſail:
Fortune conduct thee; let thy keel divide
The ſilver ſtreams, that thou maiſt ſafely ſlide
Into the boſome of thy quiet *Key*,
And quite thee fairly of th' injurious *Sea*.
*Great Sea-born Queen, thy birthright gives thee power*
*T'aſſiſt poor ſuppliants, grant one happy hower:*
*O, let theſe wounded Lovers be poſſeſt,*
*At length, of their ſo long deſired reſt.*
Now, now the joyful marriage *day* draws on:
The *Bride* is buſie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
To call his fellow Princes to the feaſt:
The *Garland's* made: The bridal *Chamber's* dreſt:
The *Muſes* have conſulted with the *Graces*,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces
With ſhadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* ſongs:
*Hymen* begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The virgin tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights,
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyful triumph of this marriage feaſt.
But ſtay! who lends me now an iron pen,
T'engrave within the marble hearts of men
A tragick ſcean: which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: if time ſhall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his poſterity to end.
*Thou ſaddeſt of all Muſes, come, afford*

*Thy*

*Thy ſtudious help, that each confounding word*
*May rend a heart (at leaſt,) that every line*
*May pickle up a Kingdom in the brine*
*Of her own tears: O teach me how t'extract*
*The ſpirit of grief, whoſe vertue may diſtract*
*Thoſe breſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill,*
*Inſpier, O inſpier my melting quill;*
*And like ſad* Niobe, *let every one*
*That cannot melt, be turn'd into a ſtone:*
*Teach me to paint an oft-repeated ſigh*
*So to the life, that whoſo'er be nigh,*
*May hear it breathe, and learn to do the like*
*By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike*
*Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe*
*This ſtory, houl like* Iriſh *at a herſe.*

Th'event ſtill crowns the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day:
For when the *Kalends* of this bridal feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breſt
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which *Art* and *Honor* had deviſ'd
T' adorn the times withal, and to diſplay
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking ſweet occaſion
To bleſs her buſie thoughts, with contemplation
Of abſent *Argalus*, whoſe too long ſtay
Made minutes ſeem as days, and every day
A meaſur'd age; into her ſecret bower
Betook her weary ſteps, where every hower
Her greedy ears expect to hear the ſum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come,

She

She hopes, she fears at once; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses;
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:
*Why com'st thou not? Can* Argalus *forget*
*His languishing* Parthenia? *What not yet?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd as if it were the whispring voice
Of close conspiracy: she began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not:
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their full cropt parents are at hand to chear
Their craving stomacks; whilst th'impatient fist
Of the false Cater, rifling where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain strugling bodies; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did ow
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joyes, her dearest *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus:
*Base trull*, Demagoras *comes to let thee see*,

*How*

*How much he ſcorns thy painted face, and thee:*
*Foul Sorcereſs! could thy treſperous artifans think*
*To ſcape revenge, becauſe the gods did wink*
*At thy deſignes? Think'ſt thou thy mothers blood*
*Cryes in a language, not to be underſtood?*
*Hadſt thou no cloſer ſtratagem, to further*
*Thy pamper'd luſt, but by the ſavage murther*
*Of thine own aged parent, whoſe ſad death*
*Muſt give a freedom to the whiſp'ring breath*
*Of thy enjoy'd* Adulterer: *who (they ſay)*
*Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day:*
*Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can repreive*
*Such pounded beaſts: It is in vain, to ſtrive,*
*Or roar for help; Why doſt not rather weep*
*That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep*
*Vpon thy wanton belly, and confeſs*
*Thy ſelf a true repentant* Murthereſs,
*My ſinful* Page *may play the fool, and gather*
*Thy early fruit into his barn, and father*
*The new-got* Cyprian *baſtard, if that he*
*Be half ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee:*
*Hah! doſt thou weep? or do falſe miſts but mock*
*Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a rock*
*Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;*
*Weep till thy marriage day; that who repair*
*To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,*
*And, in a mirror, ſee what tears can do.*
*Vile ſtrumpet! did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong*
*Thy judgment ſo; to think,* Demagoras *tongue*
*Could ſo defile his honor, as to ſue*
*For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you*
*(Me thinks) ſhould rather fix your wanton eyes*
*Vpon ſome eaſie groom, that hopes to riſe*

*Into his Masters favor, for your sake:*
*I, this had been preferment, like to make*
*A hopeful fortune: thou presumptuous trash!*
*What was my courtship, but the minutes dash*
*Of youthful passion, to allay the dust*
*Of my desires, and exuberous lust?*
*I scorn thee to the soul, and here I stand*
*Bound for revenge, whereto I set my hand.*

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floore:
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven: she swouning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her liveless face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.

*Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,*
*Infernal Harpies, or what else, inherits*
*The land of darkness; you that still converse*
*With damned souls; you, you that can rehearse*
*The horrid facts of villains, and can tell*
*How every hell-hound looks, that roars in hell,*
*Survey them all; and, then, inform my pen,*
*To draw in one, the monster of all men:*
*Teach me to limn a villain, and to paint,*
*With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant*
*That ere the mouth of insolent disdain*
*Vouchsafe'd to spit upon: the putrid blain*
*Of all diseased humors, fit for none*
*But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon,*
*So clear mens eyes, that those e're shall see*
*The type of baseness, may cry, This is He,*
*Let his reproach be a perpetuall blot*

*In honors book: Let his remembrance rot*
*In all good mindes: Let none but villains call*
*His bugbear name to memory, wherewithal*
*To fright their bauling baſtards: Let no ſpell*
*Be found more potent, to prevail in hell,*
*Then the nine Letters of his charm-like name:*
*Which, let our bashful Chriſt-croſs-row diſclaim*
*To the worlds end, not worthy to be ſeen*
*In any but the Jewiſh* Alphabet.

But hark! am I deceiv'd: or do I hear
The voice of *Argalus* ſounding in mine ear?
He calls *Parthenia*: no, that tongue can be
No counterfeit: He's come: 'tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that art now come too ſoon:
Hadſt thou been here, this deed had ne'er been done.
Alas! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd *date*, they know not what they do:
Men fondly ſay, that women are too fond
At parting; to require ſo ſtrict a bond
For quick return: Poor ſouls! 'tis they indure
Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture:
I blame them not: for miſchief ſtill attends
Upon the too long abſence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and ſeeks about
In every room to finde *Parthenia* out:
He asks, inquiers, but all lips are ſparing
To be the authors of ill news, not daring
To ſpeak the truth: they all amazed ſtand:
And now my Lord's as fearful to demand:
Dares not enquire her health, leſt his ſad ear
Should hear ſuch words, as he's afraid to hear:
All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,
And every eye does, like a blazing ſtar,

Portend ſome evil; no language findes a leak:
The leſs they ſpeak, the more he fears to ſpeak.
Faces grow ſad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a *Cloſet* for the whiſperer:
He walks the room; and like an unknown ſtranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
At laſt his lips not daring to importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
Leads his raſh ſteps into a darkned room,
A place more black then night: no ſooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a ſigh, as deep,
As a ſpent heart can give: he heard one weep,
And by the noiſe of groans and ſobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the ſad bed.
*Who is't* (ſaid he) *that calls untimely night*
*To hide thoſe griefs that thus abjure the light?*
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She paſt a ſigh, and ſaid, *O ask not who.*
*Vrge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply*
*To your demand*: Alas! it is not I.
*Not I* (ſaid he?) *what language do I here?*
*Darkneſs may ſtop mine eye, but not mine ear:*
*It is my dear* Parthenia's *voice, ah me!*
*And can* Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
*What means this word,* (Alas it is not I!)
*What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny*
*Thy ſelf? or what can* Argalus *then claim,*
*If his* Parthenia *be not the ſame*
*She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one*
*To ſay, Thou art not hers, that's not her own:*
*Can hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and fly*
*Like wandring Atomes, in the empty ſky?*
*Or can the heavens* (*grown idle*) *not fulfill*

*Their*

*Their certain revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,*
*And leave their conſtant motion for the winde*
*T'inherit? Can* Parthenia *change her minde?*
*Heav'n ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill, and earth remove,*
*Ere my* Parthenia *falſifie her love:*
*Vnfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why*
*Thoſe lips ſhould ſay,* (Alas! it is not I.)
Whereto ſhe thus reply'd; *O do not thou*
*So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,*
*That curſed name a room within thy breſt,*
*Let not ſo foul a prodigy be bleſt*
*With thy loſt breath: Let it be held a ſin,*
*Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen:*
*Let darkneſs hide it in eternal night:*
*May it be clad with horror to affright*
*A deſp'rate conſcience: He that knows not how*
*To mouth a curſe, O let him practiſe now*
*Vpon this name: Let him that would contract*
*The body of all miſchief, or extract*
*The quint'ſſence of a ſorrow, onely claim*
*A ſecret priviledg to uſe that name:*
*Far be it from thy language, to commit*
*So foul a ſin, as once to mention it:*
*Live happy* Arg'lus; *do not thou partake*
*In theſe my miſeries: O forbear to make*
*My burden greater, by thy tender ſorrow:*
*Alas, my heart is ſtrong, and needs not borrow*
*Thy needleſs help: O be thou not ſo cruel,*
*To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:*
*Why doſt thou ſigh? O wherefore ſhould thy heart*
*Vſurp my ſtage, and act* Parthenia's *part?*
*It is my proper task: what, doſt thou mean,*
*Without my licence, to intrude my Scene?*

*Alas! thy ſorrows eaſe not my diſtreſs,*
*God knows, I weep not one poor tear the leſs:*
*My Patent's ſign'd and paſt, whereby appears*
*That I have got the* Monopoly *of tears.*
*In me let each mans torment finde an end:*
*I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:*
*Let all ſpent mourners, that can weep no more,*
*Take tears on truſt, and ſet them on my ſcore.*
And as ſhe ſpake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language ſo unſufferable,
But being ſwoln ſo big, muſt either break,
Or vent, his conquer'd reaſon grew too weak
T'oppoſe his quickened paſſion (like a man
Tranſported from himſelf) he thus began:
*Accurſed* darkneſs! *thou ſad type of death!*
*Infernal* Hag, *whoſe dwelling is beneath!*
*What means thy boldneſs to uſurp this room,*
*And force a night, before the night be come:*
*Get, get thee down and keep within thy liſts:*
*Go revel there, and hurl thy hideous miſts*
*Before thoſe curſed eyes, that take delight*
*In utter darkneſs, and abhor the light;*
*Return thee to thy dungeon, whence thou came,*
*And hide thoſe faces, whoſe infernal flame*
*Calls for more darkneſs, and whoſe tortur'd ſouls*
*Crave the protection of th'obſcureſt holes,*
*To ſcape ſome laſhes, and avoid thoſe ſtrict*
*And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict:*
*But if thou needs muſt ramble here, above:*
*Go to ſome other* Climate, *and remove*
*Thy ugly preſence from our darkned eyes,*
*That hate thy tyranny: Go exerciſe*
*Thy power in Groves, and ſolitary ſprings,*

*Where*

*Where Bats are ſubjects, and where Owls are kings:*
*Go to the graves, and fill thoſe empty rooms,*
*That ſuch as ſlumber in their ſilent tombs*
*May bleſs thy welcome ſhades, and lie poſſeſt*
*Of undiſturbed and eternal reſt:*
*Or if thy more ambitious fogs deſire*
*To haunt the living, haſte thee, and retire*
*Into ſome Cloyſter, and there ſtand between*
*The light, and thoſe that fain would ſin, unſeen;*
*Aſſiſt them there; and let thy ugly ſhapes,*
*Counſnance cloſe treaſons, and inceſtuous rapes:*
*Benight thoſe rooms; and aid all ſuch as fear*
*The eye of Heaven: Go, cloſe thy Curtains there,*
*We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;*
*Thou hid'ſt more beauty then the noon of day*
*Can give; O thou, thou haſt ſprudely hurl'd*
*On this dark bed the glory of the world.*

So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs,
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upſtarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flaſhes like the flames of lightning flie:
He calls for light; the light no ſooner come,
But his own hand conveyes it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He bleſt himſelf; he bleſt himſelf again,
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid,

*Foul witch, be gone, and let thy diſmal ſhade,*
*Forſake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey*
*Great* Vulcans *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away:*
*Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſclaim*
*His ſoveraignty, in my* Partheniaes *name*
*I charm thee hence.* And as that word flew out,
He ſtept to that ſad bed, where round about,

Clos'd

Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkneſs did
Command that ſuch a jewel ſhould be hid:
His left hand held the taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to abſolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye
The trueſt portrait of deformity
As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerleſs beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſht where ere they lookt, and did ſurpriſe
The very ſouls of men; ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelf was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, ſo deform'd, diſguis'd,
As darkneſs, for mans ſake, was well advis'd
To clothe in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and roſe again, ſtood ſtill and gaz'd;
At firſt he ſtartled, then he ſtood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe,
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began: *Are theſe falſe eyes deluded?*
*Or have inchanted miſts ſtept in between*
*My abuſed eyes, and what my eyes have ſeen?*
*No, miſchief cannot act ſo fair a part,*
*T'affright in jeſt; it goes beyond the art*
*Of all black books, to mask with ſuch diſguiſe,*
*So ſweet a face: I know that theſe are eyes,*
*And this a light: Falſe miſts could never be*

Betwixt

*Betwixt my poor* Parthenia, *and me.*
*Accurſed* Tapor! *what infernal ſpright*
*Breath'd in thy face? what fury gave thee light?*
*Thou imp of* Phlegeton; *who let thee in*
*To force a day, before the day begin?*
*Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,*
*What lean-chapt fury did I ſnatch thee from?*
*When as this curſed hand did go about*
*To bring thee in, why went not theſe eyes out?*
*Be all ſuch* Tapors *curſed, for thy ſake;*
*Ne'r ſhine, but at ſome Vigil, or ſad Wake;*
*Be never ſeen, but when as ſorrow calls*
*Thy needful help to nightly funeralls;*
*Be as a May-game for th' amazed* Bat
*To ſport about; and* Owls *to wonder at:*
*Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,*
*To fright the* Sexton *from his paßing Bell:*
*Give light to none but treaſons, and be hid*
*In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid*
*Thy treacherous flames; the room: and if that none*
*Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:*
*Attend ſome miſers table, and then waſte*
*Too ſoon, that he may curſe thee for thy haſte;*
*Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light*
*Thou feed'ſt, conſume thy ſtock: be baniſht quite*
*From* Cupids *Court: When lovers go about*
*Their ſtollen pleaſures, let your flames go out:*
*Henceforth be uſeful to no other end,*
*But onely to burn day-light, or attend*
*The mid-night cups of ſuch as ſhall reſigne*
*With uſury their undigeſted wine:*
*Why doſt thou burn ſo clear? Alas! theſe eyes*
*Diſcern too much: thy wanton blaze doth riſe*

*Too high a pitch: thou burnſt too bright for ſuch*
*As ſee no comfort: O thou ſhin'ſt too much:*
*Why doſt thou vex me? Is thy flame ſo ſtout*
*T'endure my breath? this breath ſhall puff thee out:*
*Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguiſht, never*
*To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.*

With that, tranſported with a furious haſte,
He blew it out: but mark, that very blaſt
(As if it meant on purpoſe, to diſclaim
His deſp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguiſht flame.
He ſtands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the tapor, and begins to ſmile.

*And can the gods themſelves* (ſaid he) *contrive*
*A way for hope? Can my paſt joyes revive,*
*Like this rekindled fire? if they do,*
*I'll curſe my lips* (*bright Lamp*) *for curſing you.*
*Eternal Fates! deal fairly; dally not:*
*If your hid bounties have reſerv'd a lot*
*Beyond my wained hope, be it expreſt*
*In open view; make haſte, and do your beſt:*
*But if your juſtice be determin'd ſo*
*To exerciſe your vengeance on my wo,*
*Strengthen not what at length you mean to burſt;*
*Strike home betimes; diſpatch, and do your worſt:*
*That burthen is too great for him to bear,*
*That's evenly poiſed betwixt hope and fear.*

And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
The ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
He gaz'd upon her; ſtood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveleſs hand he would advance
To his ſad lips; then ſteal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A ſigh muſt dry it; every kiſs did bear:

A ſigh, and every ſigh begat a tear:
He kiſt, he ſigh'd, he wept, and, for a ſpace,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whiſpering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himſelf diſcours'd.

*And were the Sun-beams of thoſe eyes too fierce*
*For mortal view? Or did thoſe fires diſperſe*
*Flames too conſuming for th' amaz'd beholder?*
*Or did thy youth make treaſon e'er the bolder*
*To ſtain that brow; and by a midnight theft,*
*To ſteal more beauty then the day had left?*
*Or did that blinde, that childiſh god diſcry*
*A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye,*
*Which, over-bright, he ſought to make more dim*
*By blurring that, which elſe had blaſted him?*
*Or did the Sea-born goddeſs Queen repine*
*To ſee her ſtar out-ſhone ſo much by thine;*
*And fill'd with rage, and envious deſpight,*
*Sent down a cloud t'eclipſe ſo fair a light?*
*Or did the wiſer Deities foreſee*
*This likely danger; that when men ſhould ſee*
*So bright a Lamp; fearing they ſhould commit*
*Such ſweet idolatry, benighted it?*
*Or did the too too careful gods conſpire*
*A good for man, tranſcending mans deſire,*
*And knowing ſuch an eye too bright for any,*
*Gave it a wound, leſt it ſhould wound too many?*
*If ſo they meant, they might have been more kind*
*To ſave that beauty, and have ſtruck us blind.*

Before the ſound of his laſt breath was gone
(Her ſpeech being marſhal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her diſtracted thoughts) her feeble tongue

Wept forth theſe words: *Thus fleet, thus tranſitory*
*Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,*
*Poor Earth can give; Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,*
*Can quit the debt, that neceſſary duty,*
*They owe to* Change *and* Time; *but like a flowre,*
*They flouriſh now, and fade within an howre:*
*The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing ſtayes*
*At the ſame point, all alters, all decayes:*
*The world is like a Play, where every age*
*Concludes her Scene, and ſo departs the ſtage;*
*And when* Times *haſty hower-glaſs is run,*
Change *ſtrikes the* Epilogue, *and all the play is done.*
*Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,*
*Perchance to morrow begs, and bluſhes not:*
*Whoſe beauty was ador'd ore night, next morning*
*May finde a face, like mine, not worth the ſcorning:*
*Look where we liſt, there's nothing to the eye*
*Seems truly conſtant, but* Inconſtancy.
*Moſt dear* Parthenia, (Argalus *repli'd*)
*Had thy deceived eye but ſtept aſide,*
*And lookt upon thy* Argalus *his breſt;*
*I know, I know, thy language had profeſt*
*Another faith: thy lips had ne'r let flie,*
*At unawares, ſo great an* Hereſie:
*Tis not the change of favor, that can change*
*My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can eſtrange*
*My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt*
*On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt*
*My ſoul, and thine; If I had lov'd thy face,*
*Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,*
*Ere this, to freſh deſires, and attended*
*Vpon new fortunes; and the old had ended.*
*If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,*

*I might have courted the bright Majeſty*
*Of* Titan: *if thy curious lips had ſnar'd*
*My lick'riſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd*
*A bluſhing* Curral, *or ſome full ripe* Cherry,
*And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary;*
*Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter brow*
*Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow*
*To outward objects, poliſht* Marble *might*
*Have given as much content, as much delight;*
*In brief, had* Argalus *his flatter'd eye*
*Been pleas'd with beauties bare* Epitomy,
*Thy curious picture might have then ſuppli'd*
*My wants, more full, then all the world beſide:*
*No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,*
*Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why*
*To love* Parthenia: *'twas thy better part,*
*(Which miſchief could not wrong,) ſurpris'd my heart.*
*Thy beauty was but like a Cryſtal caſe,*
*Through which, the jewel of admired grace*
*Tranſparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make*
*Me love the* Casket *for the jewels ſake:*
*No, no, my well adviſed eye pierc'd in*
*Beyond the film; ſunk deeper then the skin;*
*Elſe had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty*
*I ow my vows, had faded with thy beauty:*
*Nay, weep not my* Parthenia; *let thoſe tears*
*Ne'r wail that loſs, which a few after years*
*Had claim'd as due; chear up, thou haſt forſaken*
*But that, which ſickneſs would (perchance) have taken,*
*With greater diſadvantage; or elſe age,*
*That common evil, which art cannot aſſwage;*
*Beauty's but bare opinion:* White *and* Red
*Have no more priviledg, then what is bred*

*By humane fancy, which was ne'er confin'd*
*To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:*
*What one man likes, another disrespects;*
*And what a third most hates, a fourth affects:*
*The* Negro's *eye thinks black beyond compare,*
*And what would fright us most, they count most fair:*
*If then opinion be the touch, whereby*
*All beautie's tried;* Parthenia, *in my eye,*
*Out-shines fair* Helen, *or who else she be,*
*That is more rich in beauties wealth then she.*
*Chear up: the soveraignty of thy worth infranches*
*Thy captive beauty; and thy vertue blanches*
*These stains of fortune: Come, it matters not*
*What others think: A letter's but a blot*
*To such as cannot read; but, who have skill,*
*Can know the fair impression of a quill,*
*From gross and heedless blurs; and such can think*
*No paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:*
*What others hold a blemish in thy face,*
*My skilful eyes read characters of grace:*
*What hinders then, but that without delay,*
*Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?*
*She that hath onely vertue to her guide,*
*Though wanting beauty, is the faireſt bride.*
*A Bride?* (said she) *such Brides as I, can have*
*No fitter bridal chamber then a grave:*
Death *is my* Bridegroom; *and to welcome* Death,
*My loyal heart shall plight a second faith:*
*And when that day shall come, that joyful day*
*Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay*
*The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn*
*My pale-fac'd* Bridegrooms *lingring hand with mine,*
*These* Ceremonies *and these* Triumphs *shall*

*Attend the day to grace that* day *withall.*
Time *with his empty Hower-glaſs ſhall lead*
*The triumph on, his winged hoof ſhall tread*
*Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue*
*The chaſte* Diana *with her Virgin crew,*
*All crown'd with Cypreſs girlands: after whom*
*In rank, th' impartial* Deſtinies *ſhall come:*
*Then in a ſable* Chariot *faintly drawn*
*With harneſt* Virgins *vail'd with pureſt lawn,*
*The* Bride *ſhall ſit;* Deſpair *and* Grief *ſhall ſtand*
*Like heartleſs* Bridemaids *upon either hand:*
*Vpon the* Chariot *top, there ſhall be plac'd*
*The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,*
*And Bow unbent: his drooping wings muſt hide*
*His naked knees, his Quiver by his ſide*
*Muſt be unarm'd, and either hand muſt hold*
*A* Banner, *where with* Characters *of gold*
*Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye*
*To read that runs)* Faith, Love, *and* Conſtancy.
*Next after,* Hope, *in a diſcoloured weed,*
*Shall ſadly march alone: A ſlender* Reed
*Shall guide her feeble ſteps, and in her hand*
*A broken* Anchor *all beſwear'd with ſand.*
*And after all, the* Bridegroom *ſhall appear*
*Like* Joves Lieutenant, *and bring up the rear,*
*He ſhall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed,*
*His hand ſhall hold a* Dart, *on which ſhall bleed*
*A pierced heart, wherein a former wound*
*Which* Cupids *Javelin enter'd, ſhall be found.*
*When as theſe Triumphs ſhall adorn our feaſt,*
*Let* Argalus *be my invited gueſt,*
*And let him bid me nuptial* Joy: *from whom*
*I once expected all my joyes ſhould come.*

With

With that, as if his countenance had thought good
To wear deaths colours; or as if his blood
Had been employed to condole the smart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus bespake: *Vnhappiest of all men,*
*Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?*
*Vnequal chance! Had it been flesh and blood,*
*I could have grapled, and (perchance) withstood*
*Some stout encounters: had an armed host*
*Of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have crost*
*My best desires; my Parthenias eye*
*Had given me power to make that army flie*
*Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf; but thou,*
*Before whose presence all must stoop and bow*
*Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold*
*Against thy hand that will not be controul'd?*
*Great enemy: whose Kingdom's in the dust*
*And darksome Caves: I know that thou art just;*
*Else had the gods ne'r trusted to thy hand*
*So great a privilege, so large command*
*And jurisdiction o're the lives of men,*
*To kill, and save even whom they please, and when:*
*O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears*
*To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears*
*Be deaf to all her sutes: If she profess*
*Affection to thee, believe nothing less:*
*She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens hands*
*Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;*
*Where plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow*
*Hath given possession, dispossess not thou:*
*Be just; and though her briny lips bewail*
*Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail:*
*Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not dis-joyn,*

*I am* Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
*Alas! we are but one; Then thou muſt either*
*Refuſe us both; or elſe, take both together.*
*My dear* Parthenia, *let no cloudy paſſion*
*Of dull deſpair moleſt thee; or unfaſhion*
*Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde*
*Either forgetful, or thy ſelf unkinde:*
*Starve not my pining hopes with longer ſtay:*
*My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;*
*It hovers up and down, and cannot reſt,*
*Vntil it light, and perch upon thy breſt.*
*Torment not him; within theſe lingring fires,*
*That's rackt already on his own deſires:*
*Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,*
*Whereto thy promis'd faith hath ſet her hand:*
*And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow*
*Have ſo long ſince begun, O finiſh now;*
*That our imperfect, and half pleaſures may*
*Receive perfection by a marriage day.*
Whereto, ſhe thus: *Had the pleas'd gods above*
*Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for* Jove
*To bleſs at large; Had all the powers of Heaven*
*(To boaſt the utmoſt of their bounty) given*
*As great addition to my ſlender fortune*
*As they could give, or covetous minde importune,*
*I vow to Heaven, and all theſe heavenly powers,*
*They ſhould no ſooner been made mine, but yours;*
*Nay had my fortunes ſtaid but at the rate*
*They were; had I remained in that ſtate*
*I was; (although at beſt unworthy far*
*Of ſuch a peerleſs bleſſing as you are)*
*My dear acceptance ſhould have fill'd my heart*
*As full of joyes as now it is of ſmart;*

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
To wear deaths colours; or as if his blood
Had been employed to condole the ſmart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus beſpake: *Vnhappieſt of all men,*
*Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?*
*Vnequal chance! Had it been fleſh and blood,*
*I could have grapled, and (perchance) withſtood*
*Some ſtout encounters: had an armed hoſt*
*Of mortal* Rivals *ventur'd to have croſt*
*My beſt deſires; my* Partheniaes *eye*
*Had given me power to make that army flie*
*Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf; but thou,*
*Before whoſe preſence all muſt ſtoop and bow*
*Their ſervile necks, what weapon ſhall I hold*
*Againſt thy hand that will not be control'd?*
*Great enemy: whoſe Kingdom's in the duſt*
*And darkſome Caves: I know that thou art juſt;*
*Elſe had the gods ne'r truſted to thy hand*
*So great a priviledg, ſo large command*
*And juriſdiction ore the lives of men,*
*To kill, and ſave even whom they pleaſe, and when:*
*O, ſuffer not* Parthenia's *tempting tears*
*To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears*
*Be deaf to all her ſuites: If ſhe profeſs*
*Affection to thee, beleeve nothing leſs:*
*She's my betrothed Spouſe, and* Hymens *bands*
*Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;*
*Where plighted faith, and* Sacro-ſanctious *vow*
*Hath given poſſeſſion, diſpoſſeſs not thou:*
*Be juſt; and though her briny lips bewail*
*Her grief with tears, let not thoſe tears prevail.*
*Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not dijoyn,*

*I am* Partheniaes, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
*Alas! we are but one; Then thou muſt either*
*Refuſe us both; or elſe, take both together.*
*My dear* Parthenia, *let no cloudy paſſion*
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*That's rackt already on his own deſires:*
*Seal and deliver as thy deed, that hand,*
*Whereto thy promis'd faith hath ſet her hand:*
*And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow*
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*They ſhould no ſooner been made mine, but yours;*
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*They were; had I remained in that ſtate*
*I was; (although at beſt unworthy far*
*Of ſuch a peerleſs bleſſing as you are)*
*My dear acceptance ſhould have fill'd my heart*
*As full of joyes as now it is of ſmart;*

*But, as I am, let angry* Jove *then vent*
*On me his plagues, till all his plagues be ſpent:*
*And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,*
*When I match* Argalus, *to ſuch a Bride:*
*Live happy* Argalus, *let thy ſoul receive*
*What bleſſings poor* Parthenia *cannot have:*
*Live happy: May thy joyes be never done,*
*But let one bleſſing draw another on:*
*O may thy better Angel watch and ward*
*Thy ſoul: and pitch an everlaſting guard*
*About the portals of thy tender heart,*
*And ſhowre down bleſſings whereſo'er thou art:*
*Let all thy joyes be as the moneth of* May,
*And all thy days be as a marriage day:*
*Let ſorrow, ſickneſs, and a troubled winde*
*Be ſtrangers to thee; let them never finde*
*Thy heart at home: let Fortune ſtill allot*
*Such lawleſs gueſts to thoſe that love thee not:*
*And let thoſe bleſſings, which ſhall wanting be*
*To ſuch as merit none, alight on thee.*

*That mutual faith, betwixt us what of late*
*Hath paſt, I give thee freedom to translate*
*Vpon the merits of ſome fitter ſpouſe;*
*I give thee leave, and freely quit my vowes:*
*I call the gods to witneſs, nothing ſhall*
*More bleſs my ſoul, no comfort can befall*
*More truly welcome to me, then to ſee*
*My* Argalus (*what ere becomes of me*)
*So linckt in wedlock, as ſhall moſt augment*
*His greater honor, and his true contentment.*

With that, a ſudden and tempeſtuous tyde
Of tears orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A paſſage; but when paſſions flood was ſpent,

She

She thus proceeds: *You gods, if you are bent*
*To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong*
*Our patience ſo, to make the play ſo long?*
*Your Scenes are tedious; 'Gainſt the rules of art,*
*You dwell too long, too long upon one part.*
*Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,*
*One ſimple maid amongſt ſo many gods,*
*And not be conquer'd yet? Conjoyn your might,*
*And ſend her ſoul into eternal night,*
*That lives too long a day: Ile not reſiſt;*
*Provided you ſtrike home, ſtrike where ye liſt.*
*Accurſed be that* Day, *wherein theſe eyes*
*Firſt ſaw the light; let deſp'rate ſouls deviſe*
*A curſe ſufficient for it: Let the Sun*
*Ne'r ſhine upon it; and what e'rs begun*
*Vpon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it*
*Succeſs; if not t'enſnare the hand that did it.*
*Why was I born? Or, being born, O why*
*Did not my fonder Nurſes Lullaby*
*(Even whilſt my lips were hanging on her breſt)*
*Sing her poor* Babe *to everlaſting reſt?*
*O then my infant ſoul had never known*
*This world of grief, beneath whoſe weight I groan:*
*No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,*
*Speeds a long buſineſs in a little time.*

But *Argalus* (whoſe more extream deſire,
Unapt to yeeld, like water-ſprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-ſet to a further tryal:

*Life of my ſoul; by whom, next Heaven, I breath:*
*Excepting whom, I have no friend but* Death:
*How can thy wiſhes eaſe my grief, or ſtand*
*My miſery inſtead, when at thy hand,*

*And nothing but thy helping hand can give me*
*Relief, and yet refuſes to relieve me?*
*Strange kinde of charity, when being afflicted,*
*I finde beſt wiſhes, yet am interdicted*
*Of thoſe beſt wiſhes, and muſt be remov'd*
*From loves enjoyment; why? Becauſe belov'd.*
*Alas! alas! how can my wiſhes be*
*A bleſſing to me, if unbleſt in thee?*
*Thy beauty's gone, (thou ſayeſt) why, let it go;*
*He loves but ill, that loves but for a ſhow;*
*Thy beauty is ſupply'd in my affection,*
*That never yet was ſlave to a complexion.*
*Shall every day, wherein the earth does lack*
*The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?*
*Or ſhall thy over-curious ſteps forbear*
*A garden 'cauſe there be no roſes there?*
*Or ſhall the Sun-ſet of* Partheniaes *beauty*
*Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty*
*The which my beſt advis'd affection ows*
*Her ſacred vertue, and my ſolemn vows?*
*No, no; it lies not in the power of* Fate
*To make* Parthenia *too unfortunate*
*For* Argalus *to love.*
*It is as eaſie for* Partheniaes *heart*
*To prove leſs vertuous, as for me to ſtart*
*From my firm faith: the flame that honors breath*
*Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death;*
*Thou gav'ſt me leave to chuſe a fitter Spouſe,*
*And freedom to recal, to quit thoſe vows*
*I took: who gave thee licence to diſpence*
*With ſuch falſe tongues, as offer violence*
*To plighted faith? Alas! thou canſt not free*
*Thy ſelf, much leſs hadſt power to licence me.*

Vows

Vows *can admit no change; they ſtill perſever*
*Againſt all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:*
*A vow's a* holy thing, *no common breath:*
*The limits of a vow is* Heaven *and* Death:
*A vow that's paſt, is like a bird that's flown*
*From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;*
*It dies not, like a time-beguiling* Jeſt,
*As ſoon as vented; lives not in thy breſt,*
*When uttered once, but is a ſacred word*
*Straight entred in the ſtrict and cloſe Record*
*Of Heaven; it is not like a* Juglers *knot,*
*Or faſt, or looſe, as pleaſes us or not.*
*Since then thy vows can finde no diſpenſation,*
*And may not be recal'd, recal thy paſſion;*
*Perform, perform what now it is too late,*
*T'unwiſh again, too ſoon to violate:*
*Seek not to quit, what Heaven denies to free:*
*Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.*
*Thrice dearer then my ſoul,* (ſhe thus repli'd)
*Had my own pampered fancy been the guide*
*To my affection, I had condeſcended*
*Ere this, to your requeſt, which had befriended*
*My beſt deſires too: I lov'd not thee*
*For my own pleaſure in that baſe degree,*
*As gluttons do their diet, who diſpenſe*
*With unwaſh't hands, (leſt they ſhould give offence*
*To their grip'd ſtomacks, when a minutes ſtay*
*Will make them curſe occaſion all the day)*
*I lov'd not ſo; my firſt deſires did ſpring*
*From thy own worth; and as a ſacred thing,*
*I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands*
*Me not prophane with theſe defiled hands:*
*Tis true; performance is a debt we owe*

*To* Vows, *and nothing's dearer then a vow;*
*Yet when the gods do raviſh from our hand,*
*The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.*
*He that hath vow'd to ſacrifice each day,*
*At* Juno's *altars bound, and muſt obey:*
*But if (being under vow) the gods do pleaſe*
*To ſtrike him with a leprous diſeaſe,*
*Or foul infection; which is better now,*
*Prophane the* Altar, *or to break the vow?*
*The caſe is mine; where then the gods diſpence,*
*We may be bold, yet tender no offence.*
*Admit it were an evil; 'tis our beſt,*
*Of neceſſary ills, to chuſe the leaſt.*
*The gods are good: the ſtrict recogniſance*
*Of vows, is onely taken to advance*
*The good of man; now if that good prove ill,*
*We may refuſe, our vows inter ſtill.*
*I vow a marriage; why? becauſe I do*
*Entirely affect that man my* Vows *are to;*
*But if ſome foul diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe:*
*Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:*
*The ſtrict performance of thoſe vows muſt prove,*
*I wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.*
*Then urge no more: Let my denial be*
*A pledg ſufficient 'twixt my love and thee.*

So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire
(That can be quenche with *No*, no more then fire,
With oyl; and can ſubmit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He ſpeaks; ſhe anſwers: He, afreſh, replies;
He ſtoutly ſues; as ſtoutly ſhe denies.
He begs in vain; and ſhe denies in vain;
For ſhe denies again; He begs again.

At

At laſt, both weary, he his ſuit adjourns;
For Lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both ſigh'd together.
She bids farewel; and yet ſhe bids it ſo,
As if her farewel ended, if he go;
He bids farewel; but ſo, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his ſtay.
She bids farewel, but holds his hand ſo faſt,
As if that farewel had not been the laſt.
Both ſigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewel, he bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they: Now *Argalus* is gone;
And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
And like the widow'd turtle ſhe bewails
The abſence of her Mate: Paſſion prevails
Above her ſtrength: Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven: and what's Hell
By her own torments: Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection muſt obey;
And like a weathercock her various minde
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blaſt of winde.
In deſp'rate language ſhe deplores her ſtate;
She fain would wiſh, but then ſhe knows not what:
Reſolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee: but then ſhe knows not whither:
At length (conſulting with the hearteleſs pair
Of ill adviſers, Sorrow, and Deſpair)
Reſolves, to take th'advantage of that night,
To ſteal away, and ſeek for death by flight:
A Pilgrims weed her liveleſs limbs addreſt
From head to foot: A thong of leather bleſt
Her waſted loyns; her feeble feet were ſhod

With

With Sandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th'illustrious Soveraign of the Day
Had now begun his circuit, to survay
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthiaes* government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progress now, which onely death can end.
Go hapless Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thine own vertues; and what else beside,
That may be prosp'rous; may thy merits finde
More happiness, then thy distressed minde
Can hope: Live, and to after-ages prove
The great example of true *Faith*, and *Love*:
Gone, gone she is; but whither she is gone,
The gods, and fortune can resolve alone:
Pardon my Quil, that is inforc't to stray
From a poor Lady, in an unknown way.
To number forth her weary steps, or tell
Those obvious dangers, that so oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miseries on the open stage;
Her broken slumbers, her distracted care,
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her daily perils, and her nightly scapes
From ravenous beasts, and from attempted rapes,
Is not my task; who care not to incite,
My Readers passion to any appetite,
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our discourse
Must cast an eye, and bend her setled course
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To visit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
Perceived she was fled, not knowing whither;
He makes no stay: Consults not with the weather,

Stayes

Stayes not to think, but claps his haſty knees
To his fleet Courſer, and away he flees:
His haſte enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To loſe the road, that goes he knows not where:)
One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
And now, he gently ſlacks his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren hills: with freſh careers
He tries the right hand way; and then he veres
His courſe upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy ſtrikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and ſolitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of ſundry trees,
H'engraves *Partheniaes* name with his: then flees
To the wilde champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows, with his horned hoves:
He baulks no way, rides over rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana*'s Fountain,
He ſtraight diſmounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirſty lips; and after that, to drench
His fainting limbs, in that ſweet ſtream, wherein
*Partheniaes* dainty fingers oft had bin.
The Fountain was upon a ſteep deſcent,
Whoſe gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm rock, which art (to make it known
To after-ages) wall'd and roofd with ſtone:
Above the Cryſtal Fountains head, was placd
*Dianaes* Image (though of late defac'd:)
Beneath, a rocky Ciſtern did retaine
The Water, ſliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whoſe curious Current the Worlds greater eye
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majeſty:
It was that Fountain, where in elder times
Poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural rimes,

And left them closely hid, for his unkinde
And marble-hearted *Phillida* to finde.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed:
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whither: He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on; he left no course, unthought:
No traveller, unaskt; no place, unsought.
To make a Journal of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befel his tedious travel: to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that;
His rare atchievements, and their fair success;
His noble courage, in extream distress;
His desp'rate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did enhance
His meanest actions to the throne of *Jove*:
And what he suffered for *Parthenias* love,
Would make our volume endless, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which, the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, than my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthia's* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals, with her globe of light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest
For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joyes
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toyes.
It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun

His

His toilsom progress; who, in vain, had spent
A yeer of howers, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Then strong, yet yielding even as much delight
As strength: whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters judgment, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced Medows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide:
Neer which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the childe of Peace:
It was *Kalenders* seat, who was the brother
Of lost *Partheniaes* late deceased Mother.
He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry*; who prefer'd the love
Of his respected neighbors, far above
The apish congies of th'unconstant Court;
Ambitious of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favors so, as to be tending
Upon his person: and, in brief, too strong
Within himself, for fortunes hand to wrong:
Thither came wandring *Argalus*, and receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take; or who would strive
T'express a welcom to the life, could give.
His richly furnisht Table more expresst
A common bounty, then a curious feast;

Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffer'd
In liberal sort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
The careful servants did attend the room:
No need to bid them either go or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could spie
His Masters pleasure in his Masters eie.
But what can relish pleasing to a taste
That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
Please a sick palate? No there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whose soul is bent
To tire on his own thoughts: *Kalanders* love
(That other times would ravish) cannot move
That fixed heart, which passion now incites
T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.
It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
*Kalander* and his noble guests, intending
T'exchange their pleasures in the open air,
A Messenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his employment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide
Had so mis led, that she does make request,
This night, to be his bold, and unknown guest:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To finde to morrow, what she lost to day.
*Kalander* (the extent of whose ambition
Was to expres the bounteous disposition
Of a free heart, as glad of such occasion
To entertain) return'd the salutation
Of an unknown servant; and withal profest
A promis'd welcom to so fair a guest.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
(All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends

His

His thoughts to private uſes, and confines
His ſecret fancy to his own deſignes)
Mounted their praunſing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his fair gueſt: they met, but at firſt greeting
*Kalander* ſtood amaz'd, (for he ſuppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts diſclos'd:
*Madam* (ſaid he) *if theſe mine aged eyes*
*Retain that wonted ſtrength, which age denies*
*To many of my years, I ſhould be bold*
*(In viewing you) to ſay, I do behold*
*My Neece* Partheniaes *face*: *Nor can I be*
*Perſwaded (by your leave) but you are ſhe.*
*Thrice noble Sir* (ſhe thus reply'd) *your tongue*
*(Perchance) hath done the fair* Parthenia *wrong,*
*In your miſtake, and too much honor'd me,*
*That (in my judgment) was more fit to be*
*Her foil, then picture; yet hath many an eye*
*Given the like ſentence, ſhe not being by;*
*Nay, more: I have been told that my own mother*
*Fail'd often to diſtinguiſh't one from t'other.*
Said then *Kalander*: *If my raſh conceit*
*Hath made a fault, mine error ſhall await*
*Vpon your gracious pardon: I alone*
*Was not deceiv'd; for never any one*
*That view'd* Partheniaes *viſage, but would make*
*As great an error by as great miſtake.*
*But (Madam) for her ſake, and for your own,*
*(Whoſe worth may challenge to it ſelf alone,*
*More ſervice then* Kalander *can expreſs)*
*Y' are truly welcom. Enter, and poſſeſs*
*This* Caſtle *as your own; which can be bleſt*
*In nothing, more, then in ſo fair a gueſt.*
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus repli'd:
*Let everlaſting joyes be multipli'd*

*Within these gentle gates, and let them stand*
*As lasting monuments in th'* Arcadian *land,*
*Of rare and bounteous hospitality*
*To after times. Let strangers passing by*
*Bless their succeeding heirs as shall descend*
*From such a Lord, from such a noble Friend.*
When as a little respite had repair'd
Her weary limbs, which travel had impair'd,
The freeness of occasion did present
New subjects to discourse; wherein they spent
No little time: among the rest, befel
*Kalander* (often stopt with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and lost *Partheniaes* love,
Whose undissembled passion did move
A general grief; the more that they attended
To his sad tale, the more they wisht it ended.
*Madam* (said he) *although your visage be*
*Like hers, yet may your fortunes disagree;*
*Poor girle*: and as he spake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.
*My soul doth suffer for* Partheniaes *sake:*
*But tell me Sir, Did* Argalus *forsake*
*His poor* Parthenia *whom he lov'd so dear?*
*How hath he spent his days ere since? and where?*
*Madam* (said he) *when as their marriage day*
*Drew near; mischief, that now was bent to play*
*Vpon the Stage, her studied master-prize,*
*With ugly leprosie did so disguise*
*Her beauteous face, that she became a terror*
*To her own self: But* Argalus *the mirror*
*Of truest constancy, (whose loyal heart,*
*Not guided by his eyes, disdain'd to start*
*From his past vows) did in despight of fortune,*
*Pursue his fixt desires, and importune*

*Th'intended*

*Th'intended marriage ne'rtheleſs; but ſhe*
*Whom reaſon now had taught to diſagree*
*With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and mute,*
*And at the laſt, t'avoid his further ſute,*
*Not making any private to her flight,*
*She quits the houſe, and ſteals away by night:*
*But Madam, when as* Argalus *perceiv'd*
*That ſhe was fled, and being quite bereav'd*
*Of his loſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſayes*
*By toylſom pilgrimage to end his dayes;*
*Or finde her out: Now 'twice ſix moneths have run*
*Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun*
*His fruitleſs journey, ranging far and near,*
*Suffering as many ſorrows, as a year*
*Could ſend; and made by the extreams of weather,*
*Vnapt for travel; fortune brought him hither,*
*Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make,*
*His waſted body fit to undertake*
*His diſcontinued progreſs, and renew*
*His great inqueſt for her, who at firſt view,*
*Madam, you ſeem'd to be.*

So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes
Some drops did ſlide, whoſe heart did ſympathize
With both their ſorrows, ſaid, *And is there then*
*Such unexpected conſtancy in men?*
*Moſt Noble Sir;*
*If the too raſh deſires of a ſtranger*
*May be diſpens'd withal, without the danger*
*Of too great boldneſs, I ſhould make requeſt*
*To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breſt*
*(By your report) more honor doth reſide,*
*Then in all* Greece; *nay all the world beſide:*
*I have a meſſage to him: and am loath*
*To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.*

Whereat

Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himself to give a satisfaction
To her propounded wish: protraction wastes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he hastes:
*Arg'lus* comes down, and after salutation
Given and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion:

*My Noble Lord,*
*Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame*
*Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name*
*Above all others, let your goodness now*
*Make good that fair report; that I may know*
*By true experience, what my joyful ear*
*Had but, as yet, the happiness to hear,*
*And if the frailty of a womans wit*
*May chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.*
*Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,*
*Is* Corinth; *of the self-same blood and race*
*With fair Queen* Hellen, *in whose Princely Court*
*I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,*
*Thither, not many days ago, there came*
*Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name,*
*The rare* Parthenia, *so in shape transform'd,*
*In feature altered, and in face deform'd*
*That (in my judgment) all this Region could*
*Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.*
*Long was it ere her oft repeated vowes*
*And solemn protestations could rouze*
*My over-dull belief: till, at the last,*
*Some passages, that heretofore had past*
*In secret 'twixt* Parthenia *and me,*
*Gave full assurance, it could be none but she;*
*Abundant welcom (as a soul so sad*
*As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:*
*So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,*

That

*That whoſoever ſaw the one, ſaw both;*
*Yet were we not alike in our complexions*
*So much, as in our loves, in our affections:*
*One ſorrow ſerv'd us both, and one relief*
*Could eaſe us both, but partners in one grief:*
*Much private time we joyntly ſpent, and neither*
*Could finde a true content, if not together.*
*The ſtrange occurrents of her dire misfortune*
*She oft diſcourſt, which ſtrongly did importune*
*A world of tears from theſe ſuffuſed eyes,*
*The true partakers of her miſeries.*
*And as ſhe ſpake, the accent of her ſtory*
*Would always point upon th' eternal glory*
*Of your rare conſtancy, which whoſoere*
*In after-ages ſhall preſume to hear,*
*And not admier, let him be proclaim'd*
*A rebel to all vertue, and (defam'd*
*In his beſt actions) let his leprous name*
*Or die diſhonor'd, or ſurvive with ſhame.*
*But ah! what* Simples *can the hand of art*
*Finde out to ſtanch a lovers bleeding heart?*
*Or what (alas) can humane skill apply*
*To turn the courſe of loves Phlebotomy?*
*Love is a ſecret fire, inſpir'd, and blown*
*By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,*
*Works on the very ſoul, and does torment*
*The univerſe of man: which being ſpent*
*And waſted in the conflict, often ſhrinks*
*Beneath the burthen: and ſo conquer'd, ſinks:*
*All which your poor* Parthenia *knew too well,*
*Whoſe bed-rid hopes, not having power to quell*
*Th'imperious fury of extream deſpair,*
*She languiſht, and not able to contraire*
*The will of her victorious paſſion, cryed,*

My dearest Argalus, farewell, and thou:
My Lord, not long before her latest breath
Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her; In her dying hand
She strained mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
A shewre of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
She whisper'd so, as all the room might hear.
Sister (said she) (That title past between us
Not undeserv'd; for, all that ere had seen us,
Mistook us so, at least) the latest sand
Of my spent hower-glass is now at hand:
Those joyes, which Heaven appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be possest by thee;
And when sweet death shall clarifie my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so refin'd
From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind:
And let thy prosp'rous voyage be addrest
To the fair port of Argalus his brest,
As whom the eye of noon did ne'r discover
So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover;
Cast anchor there; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can please my soul more, after death,
And make my joyes more perfect, then to see
A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee;
This Ring the pledg betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine:
With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
My sacred vows: with it I here surrender
All right and title that I had or have
In such a blessing, as I now must leave;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very same
That he transfer on thee: take no denial,

Which

*Which granted, live thou happy, conſtant, loyal.*
*And as ſhe ſpake that word, her voice did ſtirr;*
*Her breath grew cold, her ſpeech began to faulter:*
*Fain would ſhe utter more, but her ſpent tongue*
*(Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung*
*To her dry roof. A while, as in a trance,*
*She lay, and, on a ſudden, did advance*
*Her forced language to the height, and cryed,*
Farewel my deareſt *Argalus*, *and died.*
*And now, my Lord, although this office be*
*Vnſutable to my ſex, and diſagree*
*Too much, perchance with the too mean condition*
*Of my poor ſtate, more like to finde deriſion*
*Then ſatisfaction; yet my gracious Lord,*
*Extr'ordinary merits do afford*
*Extr'ordinary means, and can excuſe*
*The breach of cuſtom, or the common uſe:*
*Wherefore incited by the dear directions*
*Of dead* Parthenia, *by mine own affections,*
*And by the ex'lence of your high deſert,*
*I here preſent you with a faithful heart,*
*A heart, to you devoted; which aſſures*
*It ſelf no happineſs, but in being yours.*
*Pardon my boldneſs, they that ſhall reprove*
*This, as a fault, reprove a fault in love:*
*And why ſhould cuſtom do our Sex that wrong,*
*To take away the priviledg of our tongue?*
*If nature give us freedom, to affect,*
*Why then ſhould cuſtom bar us to detect*
*The gifts of nature? ſhe that is in pain,*
*Hath a ſufficient warrant to complain.*
*Then give me leave (my Lord) to reinforce*
*A virgins ſuit, and (thinking ne'r the worſe*
*Of proffer'd love) let my deſires thrive,*

*And freely accept, what I ſo freely give.*
So ending, ſilence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracious words: But *Argalus* whoſe paſſion
Had put his amorous Courtſhip out of faſhion,
Return'd no anſwer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earneſt of ſuch obſequies,
As his adjourned ſorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy; true grief abhors the light;
Who grieves without a witneſs grieves aright.
His paſſion thus ſuſpended for a while,
(And yet not ſo, but that it did recoile
Strong ſighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies:
*Madam,*
*Your no leſs rare, then noble favors ſhow*
*How much you merit, and how much I ow*
*Your great deſert, which claims more thankfulneſs,*
*Then ſuch a dearth of language can expreſs:*
*But moſt of all, I ſtand for ever bound*
*To that your goodneſs, my* Parthenia *found*
*In her diſtreſs, for which reſpect (in duty*
*As I am ty'd) poor* Argalus *ſhall repute ye*
*The flower of noble curteſie, and proclaim*
*Your high deſervings. Lady, as I am,*
*A poor unhappy wretch, the very ſcorn*
*Of all proſperity, diſtreſt, forlorn,*
*Vnworthy the leaſt favor you can give,*
*I am your ſlave, your Beadſman will I live;*
*But for this weighty matter you propound,*
*Although I ſee how much it would redound*
*To my great happineſs, yet Heaven knows*
*(Moſt exc'llent Lady) I cannot diſpoſe*

of

*Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do*
*What elſe you needed not perſwade me to;*
*For truſt me, were this heart of mine, mine own,*
*To carve according to my pleaſure, none*
*But you ſhould challenge it; but while I live,*
*It is* Partheniaes, *and not mine to give.*

Whereunto ſhe thus replies: *Moſt noble Sir,*
*Death, that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,*
*Hath now returned you your heart again,*
*Diſſolv'd your vows, diſlink't that ſacred chain,*
*Which ty'd your ſouls: nay more, her dying breath*
*Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death*
*Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:*
*Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,*
*The longer time her ſoul is diſpoſſeſt*
*(And by your means) of her deſired reſt.*

Whereto the poor diſtreſſed *Argalus*
Pauſing a while, return'd his anſwer thus.

*Incomparable Lady,*
*When firſt of all, by Heavens divine directions,*
*We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our dear affections,*
*And with the ſolemn power of an oath,*
*In preſence of the better gods, we both,*
*Exchang'd our hearts: in witneſs of which thing,*
*I gave, and ſhe received this dear Ring,*
*Which now you wear: by which ſhe did reſigne*
*Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.*
*Now, Madam, by a mutual commerce,*
*My exchang'd heart is not mine own, but hers:*
*Which if it had the power to ſurvive,*
*She being dead, what heart have I to give?*
*Or if that heart expired in her death,*
*What heart had ſhe (poor Lady!) to bequeath?*
*Madam, in her, began my dear affection;*

*In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;*
*In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended*
*By fate; In her begun, in her it ended.*
*If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd*
Partheniaes *beauty, I had ſoon been mov'd*
*To moderate my ſorrows, and to place*
*That love on you, that have* Partheniaes *face;*
*But 'twas* Partheniaes *ſelf I lov'd, and love;*
*Which as no time hath power to remove*
*From my fixt heart, ſo nothing can diminiſh,*
*No fortune can diſſolve, no death can finiſh.*
With mingled frowns and ſmiles ſhe thus reply'd
Half in a rage, *And muſt I be deny'd?*
*Are theſe the noble favors I expected?*
*To finde diſgrace? and go away rejected?*
*Moſt noble Lady, if my ſwords* (ſaid he)
*Sute not your expectation, let them be*
*Imputed to the miſery of my ſtate,*
*Which makes my lips to ſpeak they know not what;*
*Miſtake not him, that onely ſtudies how*
*With moſt advantage ſtill to honor you.*
*Alas! what joyes I ever did receive*
*From fortune, 's buried in* Partheniaes *grave,*
*With whom, ere long,* (*nor are my hopes in vain*)
*I hope to meet, and never part again.*
So ſaid, with more then Eagle-winged haſt,
She flew into his boſom, and imbrac'd
In her clos'd arms, his ſorrow-waſted waſt;
Surcharg'd with joy, ſhe wept, not having power
To ſpeak. Have you beheld an *April* ſhower
Send down her haſty bubbles, and then ſtops,
Then ſtorms afreſh, through whoſe tranſparent drops
The unobſcured Lamp of Heaven convayes
The brighter glory of his refulgent rayes:

Even

Even ſo, within her bluſhing cheeks reſided
A mixt aſpect, 'twixt ſmiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no man could ſay, whether
She wept, or ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd and wept together;
She held him faſt, and like a fainting lover,
Whoſe paſſion now had licence to diſcover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,*
*Take, take thy own* Parthenia (ſaid ſhe)
*Chear up! my* Argalus, *theſe words of mine*
*Are thy* Partheniaes, *as* Parthenia's *thine;*
*Beleeve it* (Love) *theſe are no falſe alarms,*
*Thou haſt thine own* Parthenia *in thine arms.*
Like as a man whoſe hourly wants implore
Each meals relief, trudging from door to dore,
That hears no dialect from churliſh lips,
But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) ſome unexpected treaſure,
New loſt; departs, and joyful beyond meaſure,
Is ſo tranſported, that he ſcarce beleeves
So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
Not daring truſt, but fears it is ſome viſion,
Or flattering dream, deſerving but deriſion;
So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
Fain would beleeve, but daring not abuſe
His eaſie faith too ſoon; for fear his heart
Should ſurfet on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where ſtop't by paſſion, falling on his knees,
He thus began; *O you eternal powers*
*That have the guidance of theſe ſouls of ours,*
*Who by your juſt prerogative can do*
*What is a ſin for man to dive into:*
*Whoſe undiſcover'd actions are too high*
*For thought: too deep for man t'inquire: why?*

*Delude*

*Delude not theſe mine eyes with the falſe ſhew*
*Of ſuch a joy, as I muſt never know*
*But in a dream; or if a dream it be,*
*O let me never wake again, to ſee*
*My ſelf deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t'enjoy*
*A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.*
Much more he ſpake to this effect, which ended,
He bleſt himſelf, and (with a ſigh) unbended
His aking knees; and riſing from the ground,
He caſt his rolling eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himſelf alone;
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new diſtemper'd paſſion grew extream:
*I knew, I knew,* (ſaid he) *'twas but a dream;*
*A minutes joy, a flaſh, a flattering bubble*
*Blown by the fancy, full of pleaſing trouble;*
*Which waking breaks, and empties into air,*
*And breaths into my ſoul a freſh deſpair.*
*I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,*
*Which* (*waking*) *makes my wants the more extream:*
*I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,*
*A bliſs, which* (*waking*) *I ſhould ne'r enjoy.*
*My dear* Parthenia *tell me, where, O where*
*Art thou, that ſo delud'ſt mine eye, mine ear?*
*O that my wakened fancy had the might*
*To repreſent unto my real ſight*
*What my deceived eyes beheld, that I*
*Might ſurfet with exceſs of joy, and die.*
With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whoſe deſire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well adviſed courſe to ſmother
The fury of one paſſion with another)
Stept in, and ſaid, *Then* Argalus *take thou*
*Thy true* Parthenia: *thou dream'ſt not now;*

*Behold*

*Behold this* Ring, *whose Motto does impart*
*The constancy of our divided heart:*
*Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have vented*
*A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented:*
*Behold this face, that had, of late, the power*
*To curse all beauty, yet it self secure:*
*Witness that* Tapor, *whose prophetick snuff*
*Was outed and revived with one puff:*
*And that my words may whet thy dull belief,*
*'Twas I, that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,*
*When thou didst curse the darkness, for concealing*
*My face; and then the* Tapor *for revealing*
*So foul a face; 'twas I, that, overcome*
*With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb*
*To all thy urg'd persuasions: it was I,*
*That in thy absence, did resolve to die*
*A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led*
*By Fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled:*
*But see! the powers above can work their ends,*
*In spight of mortals: and what man intends,*
*The Heavens dispose, and order the event:*
*For when my thoughts were desperately bent*
*To mine own ruine, I was led by fate*
(*Through dangers, now too tedious to relate*)
*To fair Queen* Hellens *Court, not knowing whither*
*My unadvised steps were guided. Thither*
*My Genius brought me; where, unknown to any,*
*I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many:*
*Reliev'd by none; at length they did acquaint*
*The fair Queen* Hellen *with my strange complaint;*
*Whose noble heart did truly sympathize*
*With mine, partaking in my miseries:*
*Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune*
*The woful case of my disastrous fortune,*

*And never rested till she did inforce*
*These lips t'acquaint her with the whole discourse.*
*Which done, her gracious pleasure did command*
*Her own Chirurgion, to whose skilful hand*
*She left my foul disease, who in the space*
*Of twice ten days, restor'd me to his face:*
*The cure perfected, straight she sent about*
*(Without my knowledg) to enquier out*
*That party, for whose sake I was contented*
*T'endure such grief with patience, unrepented;*
*Hoping (since by her means, and help of art*
*My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.*
*But when the welcome messenger return'd*
*The place of thy bode, O how my spirit burn'd*
*To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court:*
*But she, (whose favors did transcend report*
*As much, as they exceeded my desert)*
*Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part*
*With her poor handmaid; till at last, pretending*
*A lovers haste, and freely apprehending*
*So just a cause of speed, she soon befriended*
*My best desires, and sent me thus attended:*
*Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,*
*To see how soon my* Argalus *had forgot*
*His dead* Parthenia; *but my blessed star*
*Hath heard, what few or none must hope to hear:*
*Now farewel sorrow, and let old despair*
*Go seek new brests: let mischief never dare*
*Attempt our hearts: let* Argalus *enjoy*
*His true* Parthenia; *let* Partheniaes *joy*
*Revive in him; let each be blest in either,*
*And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together.*

With that, the wel nigh broken hearted lover,
Ravish'd with over joy, did thus discover

His

His long pent words: *And do these eyes once more*
*Behold what their extream despair gave o're*
*To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain*
*The happiness to see their face again?*
*And is there so much happiness yet left*
*For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft*
*Of power t'enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?*
*Breathes my* Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*
Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
The neighboring steel, which by the mutual law
Of Natures secret working, strives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch;
Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
Each other strongly in each others arms;
Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses;
Where for a while I leave them to receive,
What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.
Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuse our Scene: Let not the slander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obscean gloss
Upon our sober text, and mix his dross
With our refined Gold, extracting sower
From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.
Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
To think the best; Here is no *Tarquine* here;
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*,
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An age of honor, for a night of pleasure;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure

Of her adust desire: Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
Their lives then honors, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.
If any itching ears desire to know
What secret conf'rence past betwixt these two;
To them my muse thus answers: *When your case*
*Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace*
*True honor, as these noble Lovers did,*
*And you shall know; Till then you are forbid*
*To enquire farther*: Onely this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Being throughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a *Marriage day*;
Which that it might succeed with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better gods, *That they would please t'appay*
*Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.*

# *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

## *The Third Book.*

WHen sturdy *Marches* storms are overblown,
And *Aprils* gentle showers are hidden down,
To close the wind-chapt Earth, succeeding *May*
Enters her month, whose early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their easie beds to view
Sweet *Maia*'s pride, and the discolour'd hiew

Of dewy-breſted *Flora*, in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Until it fade, and wither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles,
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*;
*Eolus* calls in the winds, and bids them hold
Their ful-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſs are controld:
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat:
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt ore
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-towre*.
Up, now in earneſt (voyagers) and ſtand ye
On your faint legs. Our *long-boat* ſtraight ſhall land ye.
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes
From your paſt dangers, to your preſent prize:
You traffick not for toyes: The gods have ſet
No other price to things of price, but *ſweat*.
Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
Was not to compaſs the almighty gravel
Of th'*Indian Mines*, to ballaſt your eſtates;
'Twas not for blaſts of *Honor*, whoſe poor dates
Depend on regal ſmiles, and have no meaſures,
But Monarch's *wills*, expiring with their pleaſures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Soveraign*:
Theſe are poor things: It is but falſe diſcretion
To toyl, where hopes are ſweeter then poſſeſſion:
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
*True Honor*, *Vertue*, *Beauty*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.

Hail noble *Argalus*; now the *Cockboat* stands
Secure; step forth; Ispread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine arms:
Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupids* fresh alarms
Upon her melting lips: Take *Tol*, before
Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore;
So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,
And feel the ground: Then lead her to her rest.
Go Imps of honor, let the morning Sun
Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon
Your marriage Triumphs; let his Western light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Turtles*, go, let treble joyes betide
The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride*:
Let your own vertues light you to your rest;
To morrow come we to your nuptial feast.

By this the curl'd-pate *Waggoner* of heaven
Had finisht his diurnal course, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the western *hill*,
When silver *Cynthia*, rising to fulfill
Her nightly course, lets fall an evening tear,
To see her brother leave the *Hemisphere*,
Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear; all mortals were at rest:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aspine-leaf, or urge th'aspiring smoke;
Sweet was the air, and clear; no Star was hid;
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wilde Astronomer to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangled book;
Whilst round about, in each relounding grove,
(As if the *Chorysters* of night had strove

T'excel)

T'excel) the warbling *Philomele* compares
And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had ſent his midnight ſummons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their ſecret holds
To rome and viſit the ſecurer folds;
Whil'ſt drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keyes
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrayes
The ſcatter'd flocks; which lie like ſacrifices,
Expecting fire when the Sun-god riſes.
By this the pale-fac'd *Empreſs* of the night
Had re-ſurrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world ſhe now retires,
Attended with her train of leſſer fires,
And early *Heſper* ſhoots his golden head,
To uſher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eaſtern portals, and let in
The new-born *Day*; who having lately hurld
The ſhades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold;
And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed,
Don *Phœbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-diſcerning eye ſurvayes
And gilds the mountains with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whoſe laſt night
Had made her ſhades too long) ſalutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joyes, beyond the ſtrength
Of mortal language, whoſe religious fires
Shall light thoſe Lovers to their wiſht deſires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds:

Enter

Enter thoſe joyes, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds.
And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy ſlumber:
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joyes out-number
Thy minutes that are paſt, and to enſue;
Ariſe, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away;
O may thy after-days be like this day.
By this, bright *Phœbus* with redoubled glory,
Had half way mounted to the higheſt ſtory
Of his *Olympick Palace*: there to ſee
This long expected days ſolemnity:
When all on ſudden, there was heard (around
From every quarter) the Majeſtick ſound
Of many Trumpets: all, in conſort running
One point of War, tranſcending far the cunning
Of mortal blaſts; and, what did ſeem more ſtrange,
The ſhrill-mouth'd muſick did as ſudden change
To *Dorick* ſtrains, to ſweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* ſongs, and voices, like to theirs:
That charm'd *Elyſſes*: whilſt th'amazed ear
Stood raviſht at theſe changes, it might hear
Thoſe voices, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And echo-forcing *Cornets*; which ſurpaſt
The art of man: this *Harmony* did laſt
Vntil the *Bridegroom* came: but all men wondred
To hear the noiſe: Some thought the Heavens had
To a new tune; and ſome more wiſer ears (thundred
Conceiv'd it was the *Muſick of the Sphears*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear;
But none knew whence the *Muſick* was, or where.

Forthwith,

Forthwith, as if a ſecond *Sun* had roſe,
And ſtrove with greater brightneſs, to depoſe
The glory of the firſt, the *Bridegroom* came,
Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one blaſt
Inſpire a thouſand *Trumpets*, as he paſt:
His Nuptial veſture was of Scarlet *Die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A riſing *Sun*, imboſt with pureſt gold:
From whence ten thouſand *trails* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun-beams* from that Sun;
Thus from his chamber midſt the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joyes at large:
The Hall was ſpacious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Floraes* wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'ſtry* (ſuch as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd ſilk and gold,
This preſent ſtory of theſe peerleſs Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeveral paſſages that did befal
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptial;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*

Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name;
No sooner was the Ceremony ended,
(Wherein each noble spirit more contended
T' expres affection, then affect the expression
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession
Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
*Joy* to *Parthenia*, *to the fairest Bride.*
Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken loose,
And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
Their heavenly bodies with the mortal tribe
Of men; or else, intending to ascribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptiall)
In more then Princely state, enters the *Hall*
A glorious shew of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A scarfe upon her arm, embroidred ore
With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they past
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
A backward look, as if their thoughts did minde
Some greater glory, coming on behinde:
Next after them, came in the *Virgin Crew*
In milk white robes (Virgins that never knew
The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joyes till now)
Thus past these buds of Nature, two by two,
Their long dishevelled tresses dangled down
With careless Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* stood; their faces shrowded
Beneath a vail, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters even,
When all the lesser twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of rising *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkness, and aspires
Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?
So after all these *sparks* of beauty, came
(They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room; a milk-white *vail* did hide
Her blushing face, which ne'rtheless discloses
Some glimps of red, like *Lawn* ore-spredding *Roses*;
Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
Were made of purple silk, bespangled ore
With *Stars* of purest Gold, and round about
Each several *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trail* of Orient *Pearl*, so rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled; her dishevelled hair
Hung down behinde, as if the onely care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung loosely down, and vail'd the backer part
Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
From off his chair, bows down and sacrifices
The peaceful offering of a morning kiss,
Upon her lips: *To such a* Saint *as this*,
*O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,*
*And offer freely the perpetual vow*

*Of choice obedience?*

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a poſture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expreſſing
The joyful model of a Kingdoms bleſſing.
But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* ſends
Her lateſt ſummons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands; the ſacred *Altars* ſmoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincenſe*, the ways are ſtrow'd
With *Flora*'s pride; and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the ſtreets, and every greedy eye
Attends to ſee the *Triumph* paſſing by.

At length the gates flew open: on this faſhion
Began the Triumph: firſt a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
*Or Lord, or Knight, or whatſo'er degree,*
*Profeſſing Arms or Honor in the Land,*
*That at this time can challenge or pretend*
*A title to* Partheniaes *heart, or claim*
*A right, or intereſt in her love, or name;*
*Let him come forth in perſon; or appear*
*By noble Proxy, if not preſent here:*
*And by the exc'lent honor of a Knight,*
*He ſhall receive ſuch honorable right*
*As the juſt ſword can give; Let him now come*
*And ſpeak, or elſe, for evermore be dumb.*

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there
True honors Eagle winged Herauld, Fame, (came
Sounding a ſilver Trump; and as ſhe paſt
She ſhook the Earths foundation, with her blaſt:

Next after whom in undiſſembled ſtate
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right-hand did waite
The god of war in martial robes of green,

All

All ſtain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Freſh blood did ſeem to trickle on the ground:
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would ſeem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Purſuivant, whoſe brawny arm extended
A winged *Caduce*, he had ſcarce the might
To curb his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A Crimſon *Canopy* emboſt with Gold.
Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whoſe names the world had hal-
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (low'd
Whoſe bloods had ranſom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies: Theſe were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-work*, ſo rarely made,
That he which ſees them, thinks he doth behold
Armors of ſteel, fair filletted with Gold;
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance*.
And after theſe, the Princely *Virgin-Bride*,
On whom all eyes were faſtened, did divide
Her gentle paces, being led between
Two *Godeſſes*, the one aray'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a foreſt: here, a bubling brook
Divides two thickets: through the which doth flie
The ſingle *Deer*, before the deep-mouth'd cry,
That cloſely follows: there, th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the muſick, and afear'd
Of every ſhadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to ſtay, or where to go:
Where, in a *Landſkip*, you may ſee the *Faunes*

Following their crying mothers ore the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof, did represent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beams*
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noisome weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful *Bees* extract and earn
Their sweet provision: and, with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely *Bride* was led betwixt these two,
The first, was she, that on *Actæons* brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity: the other
Was she, to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcans* help; and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head, a *Coronet* of Gold:
Whose train *Diana*'s Virgin crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreathes, supported from the ground.
Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And styl'd, *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a stain
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primeroses*, and *Roses* not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th' *Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short
Of what th'unlimited and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b'excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended

The

The ſacred *Prieſts*, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to Heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 'twixt the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeiſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid:
*Welcome to* Juno's *ſacred Courts*: *Draw neer*:
*Vnſpotted Lovers, welcome*: *do not fear*
*To touch this holy ground*; *paſs on ſecure*:
*Our gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts, as you are*:
*Our gracious* Godeſs *grants you your deſires*,
*And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires*
*We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure*
*To ſmell your* Incenſe, *in ſo great a meaſure*
*Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay*,
*She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.*
So ſaid, they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves; that done they ſingled from the reſt
The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And ſaid, *Our gracious Godeſs be our guide*,
*As we are yours*: And as they ſpake that word,
Their well-tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With *Muſick* from the *Altar*: as along
They paſt, they gently warbled out this ſong:

*THus in pomp and prieſtly pride,*
*To glorious* Juno's Altar *go we*;
*Thus to* Juno's Altar *ſhow we*
*The noble* Bridegroom *and his* Bride:
*Let* Juno's *hourly bleſſings ſend ye*
*As much joy as can attend ye.*

*May theſe Lovers never want*
*True joyes, nor ever beg in vain*
*Their choice deſires; but obtain*
*What they can wiſh, or ſhe can grant.*

*Let*

*Let* Juno's *hourly bleſsing ſend ye*
*As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From ſatiety, from ſtrife,*
*From Jealouſie, domeſtick jars,*
*From thoſe blows, that leave no ſcars,*
Juno *protect your marriage life,*
*Let* Juno's *hourly bleſsing ſend ye.*
*As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to* Hymens *ſacred bands,*
*We commend your chaſte deſerts,*
*That as* Juno *link'd your hearts,*
*So he would pleaſe to joyn your hands;*
*And let both their bleſsings ſend ye*
*As much joy as can attend ye.*

No ſooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely pair (both proſtrate on the floore)
And with their hands preſented them before
The ſacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with prayers, beſought
That *Juno*'s laſting favors would deſcend,
And make their pleaſures, pleaſures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Poſſeſt each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The rafters of the holy Temple ſhook,
As if accurſed *Archimagoes* book
(That curſed Legion) had been newly read:
The ground did tremble, and a miſt ore-ſpread
The darkned *Altar*.
At length, deep ſilence did poſſeſs and fill
The ſpacious *Temple*: all was whiſt and ſtill.

When

When, from the clouded *Altar*, brake the ſound
Of heavenly *Muſick*, ſuch as would confound
With death, or raviſhment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the *Goddeſs* given it ſtrength to bear
So ſtrong a rapture. As the *Muſick* ended,
The miſt on ſudden vaniſht, and aſcended
From whence it came. The *Altar* did appear,
And *aſhes* lying, where the *Turtles* were:
Neer which, great *Hymen* ſtood, not ſeen before;
His purple *Mantle* was embroidred ore (behold
With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongſt which you might
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold;
Upon each little ſpace, that did divide
The ſeveral Crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
And turning to the *Prieſt* he thus began:

*What mean theſe fumes? Say, what hath mortal man*
*To do with us? What great requeſt? what ſuit*
*Does now attend us, that they thus ſalute*
*Our noſtrils, with ſuch acceptable ſavors?*
*Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors*
*Of the pleas'd gods? for by the eternal throne*
*And majeſty of Heaven, it ſhall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus replide;

*Great god, this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride,*
*Whom we, moſt humbly, here preſent before*
*Great* Juno's *ſacred* Altar, *do implore*
*Your gracious aid; that with your nuptial hands*
*Your grace would pleaſe to tye their promis'd hands.*

With that he ſtraight deſcends the holy ſtairs,
And with his widened arms divides and ſhares
An equal bleſſing 'twixt them both, and ſaid:

*Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,*
*Heaven accepts your pleaſing fires,*
*And hath granted your deſires:*

*By the myſtery of our power,*
*Firſt, we conſecrate this bower*
*To* Juno's *name, that ſhe would bleſs*
*Our proſp'rous actions with ſucceſs.*
*With this oyl (which we appoint*
*For holy uſes) we anoint*
*Your temples, and with nuptial bands*
*Thus we firmly joyn your hands:*
*Be joyn'd for ever: and let none*
*Preſume t'undo, what we have done;*
*Be joyn'd till lawleſs* Death *ſhall ſever*
*Both hands and hearts: Be joyn'd for ever:*
*Eternal curſes we allot*
*To theſe, till then, ſhall looſe this knot.*

So ſaid, he bleſt them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their ſight he vaniſht in a flame:
That done, they roſe, and with new fumes ſaluted
The ſmoaking *Altar*: Thrice they proſtituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, ſending forth the well accepted ſound
Of *thanks* and *vows*, from their divided heart,
They kiſs the ſacred *Altar*, and depart;
And, with the ſelf-ſame *Triumph* as they came,
Returned; whilſt the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blaſt ſends forth a ſhrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whoſe richly furniſht table would invite
A bed-rid ſtomack to an appetite,
And make the waſteful *glutton* that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his daily ſweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample meaſure,
Then he had hopes to purchaſe, with the treaſure
Of his beſt faith; ſuch were the dainties, ſuch
The viands, that I dare not think too much

To

To term it *Paradiſe*, where all things did
Offer themſelves, and nothing was forbid:
Soon as the *Marſhal* of this princely feaſt
Had in his rightful ſeat, plac'd every gueſt,
A ſoft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.
Forthwith, with joyned hands and ſmiling faces,
With habits more unequal then their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the table; th'one
In green: His pamper'd body had out-grown
His ſeam-ript garments, all embroider'd over
With ſpreading Vines, whoſe fruitful leaves did cover
Their ſwelling Cluſters; his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropſie ſwollen thighes
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſht and enricht about
With *Carbuncles*; around his brows did twine
Full laden Cluſters, raviſht from the *Vine*.
The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her ſilken mantle was
Twixt green and yellow, like the fading graſs:
On which were wrought encloſed fields of corn,
Some reap'd, ſome bound in ſheaves, and ſome unſhorn:
Well favor'd was her countenance, plump and round;
Her golden Treſſes dangled to the ground:
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Girland*: frequent drops of ſweat
Down from her ſwarthy brows did ſlily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand ſhe bare a *ſickle*.
Thus uſher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both ſtood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathleſs tongue,
Till ſmiling *Ceres* thus began the ſong.

*WElcome faireſt Virgin* Bride,
*Welcome to our jolly feaſt:*
*Taſte what* Ceres *did provide*
*For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt.*

Bacch. *Taſte what* Bacchus *did provide*
*For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt:*
*Welcome faireſt Virgin* Bride,
*Welcome to our jolly feaſt.*

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
*Make* Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Welcome noble* Bridegroom *hither;*
*Worlds of bliſs, and joy attend yee:*
*Freely welcome both together,*
*See what* Ceres *bounty ſends ye.*

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*
*See what* Bacchus *bounty ſends ye.*
*Welcome noble* Bridegroom *hither;*
*Worlds of bliſs, and joy attend ye.*

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
*Make* Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Here is that, whoſe ſweet variety*
*Gives you pleaſure and delight;*
*Makes you full without ſatiety;*
*Waſtes the day, and haſtes the night.*

Bacch. *This will rouze the man of war*
*When the drum ſhall beat in vain,*
*When his ſpirits drooping are,*
*This will make them riſe again.*

Chor. *You that joyntly do inherit*
Venus *beauty*, Mars *his ſpirit,*
*Freely taſte our bounty; ſo*
Mars *ſhall ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd and vaniſht, none knew how, nor whither.

To make relation of each quaint deviſe,
That Art preſented their unwearied eyes:
The nature of their mirth, of their diſcourſe:
The dainties of the firſt, the ſecond courſe:
The ſecret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*; how oft ſhe bluſht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroom* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Me thinks it grieves me, that my Pen ſhould wrong
Poor Lovers diſappointed hopes ſo long:
And it repents me ſo, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel ſins that they commit
In being tedious, ſome I wiſh unwrit:
Let it ſuffice, what glory, what delight,
What ſtate, or what to pleaſe the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy: In a word,
What joy ſo ſhort a ſeaſon could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expreſt
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely feaſt.
Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now reſign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curious linnen gone; and all the rights
Perform'd, that long to feſtival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of ſilence; tells them, 'tis his task
To let them know, the gods intend a Mask,
To grace theſe Nuptials; and with that he ſpred
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

*When ſilence thus had charmed every ear* The Mask of the gods.
*With wonder and attention, they might hear*
*The winged Quiriſters of night, about*
*In every corner, ſweetly warbling out*

*Their* Philomelian *airs, and wilder note,*
*Which nature taught them to divide, by rote;*
*So that the Hall did ſeem a ſhady Grove,*
*Wherein by turns, th'ambitious* Quire *ſtrove*
*T'excel themſelves.*
*While thus their ears were feeding with delight*
*Vpon theſe ſtrains,* the Godeſs of the night
*Enters the* Scene: *Her body was confin'd*
*Within a coal-black* Mantle, *thorow lin'd*
*With ſable* Furs: *her Treſſes were of hiew*
*Like* Ebony, *on which a* Pearly *dew*
*Hung, like a Spiders Web; her face did ſhrowd*
*A ſwarth* Complexion, *underneath a cloud*
*Of black curld* Cypreſs: *On her head, ſhe wore*
*A* Crown *of burniſht* Gold, *beſhaded ore*
*With* Fogs *and* Rory miſt; *her hand did bear*
*A* Scepter *and a ſable* Hemiſphere:
*She ſternly ſhook her dewy locks, and brake*
*A* melancholy *ſmile, and thus beſpake;*

Drive on, drive on, (dull *Waggoner*) let ſlip
Your looſer reins, and uſe thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd *Steeds* are purſie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to ſee the day:
*Darkneſs* befits us beſt; and our delight
Will reliſh far more ſweeter in the night:
Approach (ye bleſſed *ſhadows*) and extend
Your early juriſdiction, and befriend
Our nightly ſports: Approach, make no delay,
It is your Queen, your Soveraign calls away.

*With that, a ſudden darkneſs fill'd the Hall:*
*The light was baniſht, and the windows all*
*So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,*
*That day could not get in, nor darkneſs out;*
*Thus while the death-reſembling ſhades of night*

*Had*

*Had drawn their misty* Curtains *'twixt the light*
*And every darkned eye, which was deni'd*
*To see, but that, which darkneſs could not hide:*
*The jealous god, fearing he knows not whom,*
*(Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,*
*And with his club-foot groping in the ſhade*
*Of night, he mutter'd forth theſe words, and ſaid:*
Where is this wanton *Harlot* now become? Vulcans Speech.
Is light ſo odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that ſhe
Muſt ſtill be rambling, where unknown to me?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* muſt be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her luſt, but muſt *Nights Godeſs* be her baud?
*Darkneſs* be gone, thou patroneſs to luſt:
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler muſt,
Away; my power ſhall out-charm thy charms,
Ile finde her panting in her lovers arms.
Enter you *lamplers* of terreſtrial fire,
And let your golden heads (at leaſt) conſpire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus*, with your light.
*So ſaid, the darkned Hall was garniſht round*
*With lighted* Tapers; *Every object found*
*An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd*
*With pleaſure in the object it beheld.*
*As theſe deviſeful changes did incite*
*Their quickned fancies, with a freſh delight,*
Morpheus *came in; His dreaming pace was ſo,*
*That none could ſay he mov'd, he mov'd ſo ſlow:*
*His folded arms, athwart his breſt, did knit*
*A ſluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit*
*Againſt his panting boſome, as he paſt:*

*And*

*And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt:*
*He wore a crown of* Poppy *on his head:*
*And, in his hand, he bore a Mace of* Lead:
*He yawned thrice, and after homage done*
*To nights black Soveraign, he thus begun:*

Morpheus ſpeech.

*Great Empreſs of the world:* To whom I owe
My ſelf, my ſervice, my perpetual vow:
Before the footſtool of whoſe dreadful throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their *Crowns* and *Scepters*; whoſe victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of Earth, your ſervant (whoſe dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early ſhadows, and to ſeiſe
Upon theſe wearied mortals, when you pleaſe
T' appoint; till then, your ſervant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
*To whom the ſmiling Goddeſs thus replide.*

The Goddeſs of the nights ſpeech.

*Morpheus*, our pleaſure is to ſet aſide
This night to mirth, and time-beguiling ſports;
Our ſleep-reſtraining buſineſs much imports
Your welcome abſence, whilſt our ears ſhall number
The flying hours; our mirth admits no ſlumber:
*The word ſcarce ended, but the Queen of Love*
*Deſcended from her unſeen ſeat, above:*
*In her fair hand ſhe led her winged Son,*
*And like a full mouth'd tempeſt thus begun:*

Venus ſpeech to Morpheus.

Diſloyal *Sycophant*, Deaths baſtard brother,
Accurſed ſpaun, caſt from as curs'd a mother:
That with thy baſe impoſtures rifleſt man
Of half his days, of half that little ſpan
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'ſt him to death, betray'ſt him with thy ſmiles,
What mak'ſt thou here, and to uſurp my right

Per-

Perfidious *Caitife? Venus* day is night:
Go to the frozen world, where mans desire
Is made of ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer: Go, and visit fools,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirit cools
As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we
To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to still children or to ease the thought
Of brain sick *Phranticks*; or, with joyes, to flatter
Poor slumbring souls, which wak'd, finde no such mat-
Go succor those, that vent by quick retail (ter:
Their wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire:
O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.
*Boy*, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let flie Deaths arrow, or if thou hast none,
In Deaths name send an arrow of thine own:
We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
Shoot then, at once, revenge thy self and me.
*With that the little angry God did bend*
*His steelen bow, and in Deaths name did send*
*His winged messenger, whose faithful haste*
*Dispatcht his ireful errand; and stuck fast*
*Within his pierced Liver, and did hide*
*His singing feathers in his wounded side.*
Morpheus *fell down, as dead, and on the ground*
*Lay for a little season in a swound,*
*Gasping for breath.* And Lovers dreams (they say)
Have evermore been wanton since that day:
*Venus was pleas'd: The Goddess of the night*

*Grew angry; she would needs resign her right*
*Of government, and in a spleen threw down*
*Her* Hemisphere, *her* Scepter, *and her* Crown:
*And, with a dusky fog, she did besmear*
*The face of* Venus, *foil'd her golden hair*
*With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd*
*Both her, her cuckold mate, and bastard child:*
*Whereat the* God of War, *being much offended,*
*Forsook both seat and patience, and descended:*
*And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good*
*Fair* Venus *honor, with his dearest blood:*
*To whom poor* Vulcan (*puffing in a rage,*
*To hear his well-known fortune on the stage*)
*Scrall'd many a thank; and with his crouching knee*
*Profest true love to such true friends as he.*
And ever since, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so.
*By this god* Morpheus *waking from his swound,*
*Began to groan; and from his aking wound*
*Drew forth the buried shaft; but* Mars (*whose word*
*Admits no other second, but his sword*)
*Vnsheath'd his furious brondiron, and let flie*
*A blow at* Morpheus *head, which had well-nie*
*Cloven him in twain, had not the* Queen of night
*Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:*
*So that the sword, by a false guided aim,*
*Struck* Vulcans *foot*, which ever since was lame:
*At last the* gods *came down, and thought it good*
*To nip this early quarrel in the bud;*
*Who fearing uproars, with a friendly cup*
*Of blest* Nepenthe, *took the quarrel up:*
*And, for th' offence committed, did proclaim*
*This Sentence in offended* Juno's *name.*
The sentence. *Morpheus* from hence is banisht, for this night,

And

And not t'approach before the morning light:
*Mars* is exil'd for ever, as a gueſt
Adjudg'd unfitting for a marriage feaſt.
*Cupid* is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
*Venus* is cenſur'd to perpetual night,
And not (unleſs by ſtealth) to ſee the light:
Her chiefeſt joy to be but pleaſing folly,
Perform'd with *madneſs*, dog'd with *melancholy*.
*And here the Muſick did invite their paces*
*To meaſure time, and by exchange of places*
*To lead the curious beholders eye*
*A willing captive to variety.*
*Thus, with the ſweet viciſsitude of mirth*
*They ſpent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth*
*Had ſtudied to pleaſe man, in ſuch a meaſure,*
*That Art could not do more t'augment their pleaſure:*
*And ſo they vaniſht.*

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble gueſts, to her renew'd delights:
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refreſh their ſouls
With a full hand, preſents his ſwelling Bowls.
Wine came unwiſht, like water from a ſourſe;
And delicates were mingled with diſcourſe:
What *art* could do to make a welcome gueſt,
Was liberally preſented at that feaſt.

It was no ſooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply ſtruck in years,
In tatter'd garments: In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glaſs, laboring with her lateſt ſand;
Beneath his arm, a buffen Knapſack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
*Chronologies*, out-dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents*, that had long ſurviv'd their wax:

Unto his ſhoulders *Eagle wings* were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behinde:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pauſe, and after that, he ſaid:

*Mortals 'tis out, my glaſs is run,*
*And with it the day is done:*
*Dark ſhadows have expell'd the light,*
*And my glaſs is turn'd for night:*
*The Queen of darkneſs bids me ſay,*
*Mirth is fitter for the day:*
*Vpon the day, ſuch joyes attend,*
*With the day ſuch joyes muſt end.*
*Think not, Darkneſs goes about,*
*Like death, to puff your pleaſures out:*
*No, no, ſhe'l lend you new delights,*
*She hath pleaſures for the nights.*
*When as her ſhadows ſhall benight ye,*
*She hath what ſhall ſtill delight ye:*
*Aged* Time *ſhall make it known,*
*She hath dainties of her own:*
*'Tis very late, away, away,*
*Let day ſports expire with day:*
*For this time we adjourn your feaſt:*
*The Bridegroom fain would be at reſt:*
*And if the night-paſtimes diſpleaſe ye,*
*Day will quickly come, and eaſe ye.*

With that, a ſweet vermilian tincture ſtain'd
The *Brides* fair cheeks: The more that ſhe reſtrain'd
Her bluſh, the more her diſobedient blood
Did overflow; as if a ſecond flood
Had meant to riſe, and, for a little ſpace,
To drown that world of beauty in her face:
She bluſht; (but knew not why) and like the *Moon*,
She look'd moſt red, upon her going down.

But

But ſee: The ſmiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whiſpring heads, as there had been
A plot of treaſon: till at length, unſpide,
They ſtole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride*:
Their buſie hands unrob'd her, and ſo led
The timorous Virgin to her *Nuptial* bed.
By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
Their tongues to ſilence, their diſcourſe being ended
They look'd about, and thinking to have done
Their ſervice to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone:
And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
Seem'd worſe then death) could brook no longer ſtay:
Attended by his noble gueſts, he enters
That room, where th'enterchangeable *Indentures*
Of deareſt love, lay ready to be ſeal'd
With mutual pleaſures not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight
His weary ſhoulders: *Atlas* never ſtoopt
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt:
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What ſudden aid he could expect, or have
From ſpeedy hands, from hands that did not waſte
The time; unleſs (perchance) by over-haſte:
Mean while, a dainty warbling breſt, not ſtrong,
As ſweet, preſents this *Epithalmion* ſong.

*Man of war, march bravely on,*
*The field's not eaſie to be won:*
*There's no danger in that war,*
*Where lips both ſwords and bucklers are.*
*Here's no cold to chill thee,*
*A bed of down's thy field:*
*Here's no ſword to kill thee,*
*Vnleſs thou pleaſe to yield.*

*Here is nothing will incumber,*
*Here will be no ſcars to number.*
*Theſe be wars of* Cupids *making,*
*Theſe be wars will keep you waking,*
*Till the early breaking day*
*Call your forces hence, away.*
*Theſe be wars that make no ſpoil,*
Death *here ſhoots his ſhafts in vain:*
*Though the ſouldiers get a foil,*
*He will rouze and fight again.*
*Theſe be wars that never ceaſe,*
*But conclude a mutual peace.*
*Let benign and proſp'rous ſtars,*
*Breathe ſucceſs upon theſe wars,*
*And when thrice three months be run,*
*Be thou father of a ſon:*
*A ſon that may derive from thee*
*The honor of true merit,*
*And may to ages, yet to be,*
*Convey thy blood, thy ſpirit:*
*Making the glory of his fame*
*Perpetuate, and crown thy name,*
*And give it life in ſpight of death,*
*When Fame ſhall want both trump and breath.*

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The golden headed Charrioter of Heaven,
With what a ſpeed his prouder reins do bend
His panting horſes to their journeys end?
How red he looks, with what a ſwift carear
He hurries to the lower Hemiſphear,
And in a moment ſhoots his golden-head
Upon the pillow of blushing *Thetis* bed:
Even ſo the Bridegroom (whoſe deſire had wings
More ſwift then Time, ſwitcht on with pleaſure) ſprings

Into

Into his Nuptial bed; and look how faſt
The ſtooping Faulcon clips, and with what haſte
Her talons ſeize upon the timorous prey,
Even ſo his arms (impatient of delay)
His circling arms embrac'd his bluſhing Bride,
While ſhe (poor ſoul) lay trembling by his ſide.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his gueſts,
What mirth of late was pleaſing, now moleſts
His tired patience: Too much ſweet offends:
Sometimes to be forſaken of our friends,
In *Cupids* morals, is obſerv'd to be
The fruits of friendſhip, in the beſt degree.
And thus at laſt, the curtains being clos'd,
They left them, each in others arms repos'd.
*And here my* Muſe *bids draw our curtains too,*
*'Tis unfit to ſee what private Lovers do.*
*Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over rank,*
*But vail thy underſtanding with a* Blank,
*Think not on what thou think'ſt: and, if thou canſt,*
*Yet underſtand not what thou underſtandſt.*
*Sow not thy fruitful heart with ſo poor ſeeds:*
*Or if, perchance (unſown) they ſpring like weeds,*
*Uſe them like weeds, thou knowſt not how to kill:*
*Slight them, and let them thrive againſt thy will:*
*View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,*
*But ſee thou take no pleaſure in their ſent.*
*And one thing more: When as the morning light*
*Shall bring the baſhful* Bride *into thy ſight,*
*Be not too cruel: Let no wanton eye*
*Diſturb, and wrong her conſcious modeſty:*
*And if ſhe bluſh, examine not for what:*
*Nay though thou ſee it (Reader) ſee it not.*
And ſhall our ſtory diſcontinue here?
Or want a period, till another yeer?

Shall

Shall we befriend theſe Lovers, with the night,
And leave them buried in their own delight,
And ſo conclude? No, it ſhall ne'r be ſed,
That marriage joyes end in the marriage bed:
Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
Her happineſs on ſuch unſtable grounds:
And, like a ſudden blaze, it never laſts,
But as the pleaſure waxes cold, it waſts.
Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night:
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles ſhe lies ſweetly ſlumbring by his ſide:
She ſleeps, he views her: Thrice his minde was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent:
Sometimes his lips, with a ſtoln kiſs would greet
Her guiltleſs lips: (*They ſay ſtoln goods are ſweet*)
At length, ſhe wakes, and hides her bluſhing cheeks
In his warm boſome, where ſhe ſafely ſeeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto ſhould fly
The guilt of her protected modeſty:
He ſmiles, and whiſpers in her deafned ear;
(*Women can underſtand, and yet not hear*)
He ſpeaks, but ſhe (even whilſt his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did ſtop his lips from ſpeaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almoſt out-worn
The rare ſolemnities that did adorn
Theſe Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report,
Grow ſomething ſparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The *Bridegroom* whoſe endevors were addreſt,
To practice what might pleaſe his fair *Bride* beſt,
Reſolv'd to leave *Kalanders* houſe, and crown
*Parthenia* ſole Commandreſs of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalanders* liberal ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear

The

The world farewel: Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuſes; which he ſoon defeated.
But as the ſtout *Alcides* did caſhiere
One riſing head, another would appear:
Even ſo, whilſt his ingenuous love did ſmother
One cauſe of parting he would finde another.
*Kalander* thus at laſt, (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he ſo long gain-ſaid, in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* muſt go,
But yet *Kalander* muſt not leave them ſo:
There is no parting, till the aged ſire
Shall warm his fingers by *Partheniaes* fire.
*Parthenia* ſues, *Kalander* muſt not reſt,
Till he become *Partheniaes* promis'd gueſt.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earneſt of a fairer day:
And, with his trembling beams, had repoſſeſt
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from reſt,
They left *Kalanders* Caſtle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight*:
(For ſo 'twas call'd) it was a goodly ſeat,
Well choſen; not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train:
It ſeem'd a Center to a Park, well ſtor'd
With Deer, whoſe well-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleaſure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not:
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to ſay
Forgotten prayers, and bleſs him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wiſh,
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear, and yet catch fiſh.

The ſneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want ſport until his powder's done:
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th'old mans profit, or the young mans pleaſure:
Thither this night the Nuptial troop is gone:
And now *Parthenia*'s welcome to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt?
Conceive it rather; for my quill would waſt
Th'unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with rime:
But that which moſt did ſeaſon, and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt reliſh
To their beſt mirth, and pleaſures; was, to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugal harmony
All things were carry'd: Every word did prove
To adde ſome acquiſition to their love:
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
To pleaſe her too, but onely his applauſe;
A happy pair, whoſe double life, but one:
Made one life double, and the ſingle, none.
Thus when th'unconſtant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her ſharpned horns, for an orb of light:
*Kalander* (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong,
And may not be diſpens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte) departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himſelf with more advantage then alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well-pleas'd deſire
Hopes nothing elſe, if *Argalus* be by her)

Need-

Need not the help of any to augment
The better joyes of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleasure,
Sometimes the well-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure:
Where th'unmolested Herd would seem to stand,
And crave a death at fair *Partheniaes* hand:
Sometimes her steps would climb th'ambitious *Tower*,
From whose aspiring top they might discover
A little Common-wealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own:
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he would read
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
Upon his lips, and now and then a kiss
Would interpose like a *parenthesis*,
Between their semicircled arms, inclos'd:
(*O what dull spirit could be indispos'd*
*To read such lines!*) and whilst upon the book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleased eyes would look
Vpon the graceful Reader, and espie
A story far more pleasing, in his eye.
Vpon a day as they were closely seated,
Her ears attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Messenger*, whose countenance did bewray
A haste too serious to admit delay;
His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
Their sealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as she ey'd
The messenger, her colour comes and goes:
*Parthenia* fears; and yet *Parthenia* knows

Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evil, becauſe it fears to know:
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which ſeem'd to ſtrive betwixt
A thouſand thwarting paſſions: Once he caſt
His eyes on her, and finding hers ſo faſt
On his, he bluſhr, ſhe bluſht, both bluſht together,
Becauſe they bluſht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read, (and having kiſt
*Baſilius* name) he ſpeedily diſmiſt
The Meſſenger, with promiſe to obey
*Baſilius* juſt commands without delay:
That done, he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he ſtraight preſents
The paper; ballac'd with its ſad contents:
*Parthenia*, with a fearful ſlowneſs took it,
And with a fearful haſte did overlook it:
Her face being blanched with the pallid ſignes
Of what ſhe fear'd too ſoon, ſhe read theſe lines.

*Baſilius Rex.*

*WHereas the famous and victorious name*
*Of great* Amphialus, *makes the trump of Fame*
*Breathe nothing but his conqueſts, and renown:*
*Whoſe lawleſs actions fortune ſtrives to crown*
*(In ſpight of juſtice) with a victors merit,*
*Reſpecting more the greatneſs of his ſpirit,*
*Then juſtneſs of his cauſe; to the diſhonor*
*Of vertue, and all ſuch as wait upon her.*
*And furthermore: whereas his power is known*
*T'oppugn the welfare of our* State *and* Crown,
*With ſtrong rebellion, to the high advancement*
*Of his diſloyal glory, and inhancement*

*Of his perfidious name, the great increaſe*
*Of factions, and diſturbance of our peace:*
*Likewiſe, whereas his high prevailing hand*
*(Againſt the force whereof no fleſh can ſtand)*
*Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much leſs orecome:*
*But with loud triumph, ſtill does carry home*
*The ſpoils of our loſt honor, to the fame*
*Of his rebellious glory, and our ſhame:*
*We therefore in our princely care perpending*
*The ſerious premiſſes, and much depending*
*On your known courage, have ſelected you*
*To ſtand our* Champion *Royal, and renew*
*Our waſted honor, with your ſword and lance*
*In equal* Duel: *Thus you ſhall advance*
*The glorious pitch of your renowned name*
*With the brave purchace of eternal fame:*
*In this you ſhall revive our dying glory,*
*And live the ſubject of this ages ſtory,*
*(Which ſhall be read till time ſhall have an end)*
*And tie* Baſilius *your perpetual friend.*

*To our right truſty and noble*
*Kinſman* Argalus.

But as ſhe read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome meſſage, and at length, ſhe ſaid,
*Ah me* (*my* Argalus) *was't this you made*
*Such haſte to anſwer? did that anſwer need*
*To be returned with ſo great a ſpeed?*
*Can you, O can you be ſo quickly won*
*To leave your poor* Parthenia, *and be gone?*
To whom reſolved *Argalus* (whoſe eye
Was fixt upon his honor) made replie,
*My dear* Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
*The unſumm'd wealth of* Pluto; *or to gain*

*The ſoveraignty of the Earth without expence*
*Of blood or ſweat, without the leaſt pretence*
*Of danger, my ambition would deſpiſe*
*The eaſie conqueſt of ſo great a prize,*
*If purchas'd by thy diſcontent, or by*
*The pooreſt tear that trickles from thine eye.*
*But to recal my promiſe, or forſake*
*That reſolution honor bids me make*
*In this behalf, or to betray that truſt*
*Repos'd in me, the gods would be unjuſt,*
*(And not themſelves) if they ſhould but command*
*Or urge me, with an over-ſwaying hand:*
*My dear* Parthenia; *Let no falſe ſuggeſtion*
*Abuſe thy paſſion; or preſume to queſtion*
*My deareſt love, though honor bids us part,*
*Yet honor cannot rob thee of my heart:*
*Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms,*
*Will bring me back with Triumph to thine arms.*
So ſaid, the ſad *Parthenia* (whoſe tears
Are turn'd *Lieutenants* to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language: *Griefs that are but ſmall*
*Can ſpeak, when great ones cannot vent at all:*
But tender-hearted *Argalus* (to whom
Such ſilence ſpeaks too loud) forſook the room:
And, with a breſt, as full of penſive care,
As honor, gave directions to prepare
His warlike *Steed*, his Martial *attire*,
And all things, ſuch imployment does require.
*And here, O thou, thou great ſupreme Protectreſs*
*Of bolder ſpirits, and the ſole directreſs*
*Of lofty flying quills, which ſhall derive*
*To after-times, what glorious ſwords atchiewe:*
*And mak'ſt the actions of heroick ſpirits*
*Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:*

*Illuſtrious*

*Illuſtrious* Clio: *aid me and inſpire*
*My ragged rimes, with thy diviner fire:*
*Teach me to raiſe my ſtyle, and to attain*
*A pitch, that may tranſcend the vulgar ſtrain:*
*Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:*
*And let my ink be blood: that I may ſing*
*Death to the life: let him that reads, expound,*
*Each daſh, a ſword, and every word a wound.*
By this, the *Champion Royal* had put on
His martial weeds: but haſting to be gone,
The poor *Parthenia*, whoſe cold fit paſt
(Like thoſe in agues) now does burn as faſt:
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
She findes her *Argalus*, enclos'd about
With glittering walls of ſteel: apparel'd round
In his bright arms (whom ſhe had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor ſoul) allow
Without a ſea of tears, her laſt farewell,
She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, ſhe claſpt him by the arm,
And looking up, ſhe thus began to charm:
*My* Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my* dear:
*And wilt thou go and leave* Parthenia *here?*
*Wilt thou forſake me then? and can theſe tears*
*Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears*
*And my ſad ſuit? Canſt thou, O canſt thou go*
*And leave thy poor diſtreſt* Parthenia *ſo?*
Parthenia *ſues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begs, that never beg'd before:*
*Remember, O remember you are, now,*
*Vnder the power of a ſacred vow:*
*Honor muſt ſtoop to vows, which once being crackt*
*You cannot do an honorable act:*

*I have a right unto you; you are mine:*
*I have that interest which Ile ne'r resigne*
*Till death: Ile never hazard to forgo*
*My whole estate of happiness, at one throw:*
*No, no, I will not: I will hold thee fast*
*In spight of Honor, and her nine days blast:*
*Your former acts have given sufficient proof*
*To the wide world; your valor's known enough*
*Without a farther tryal; there's enow*
*To lose their lives (less worthy) besides you:*
*'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,*
*None other left to venture, but your own:*
*Excuse me then, that onely do endevor*
*To hold mine own, which now I must, or never:*
*Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake*
*No danger, but* Parthenia *must partake:*
*Shall your* Parthenia *be indanger'd then?*
Parthenia *shall be present, even when*
*The strokes fall thickest; and* Parthenia *shall*
*Suffer what ere to* Argalus *may befall:*
Parthenia, *in your greatest pain, shall smart;*
*Your blood shall trickle from* Parthenia's *heart.*
*Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,*
*The sacred pledg of our conjugal band,*
*By all the pleasures of our dearest love:*
*By Heaven, and all the heavenly powers above:*
*Or if those motives cannot finde a room,*
*Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb*
*Begins to bud; or if ought else appear*
*To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,*
*By that forsake me not, although the rest*
*Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.*

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus:

My

*My dear Parthenia: Thy deſires never*
*Gainſaid my will, till now: Do not perſever*
*To crave that boon, I cannot grant: forbear*
*To urge me: Reſolution hath no ear*
*Weep not, (my joy) let not theſe drops of thine,*
*That trickle from ſo fair an eie, divine*
*A foul ſucceſs: Chear up; a ſmile or two*
*Would make me half a conqueror, ere I go:*
*Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight*
*The glorious luſter of ſo fair a light:*
*Doubt not my life: the juſtneſs of my cauſe,*
*That brings me on, will quit me with applauſe:*
*Fear not, that ſuch a bleſſing, ſuch a wife*
*Was e'r intended for ſo ſhort a life:*
*Expect my ſafe return; as quick, as glorious;*
*My genius tells me, I ſhall live victorious.*

So ſaid, as if that paſſion had forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not:
But, like to one, new ſtriken with the thunder,
She ſtood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder:
His lips took leave, and as his arms ſurrounded
Her feeble waſte, ſhe ſtrait fell down, and ſwounded:
But *Argalus* tranſported with the tide
And tyranny of honor, could abide
No longer ſtay; he truſts her to the guard
Of her own women; left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp; wherein, he ſpent ſome dayes,
In parley, with *Amphialus*; and aſſayes
By all perſwaſive means, to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the field
With needleſs blood: But finding him unapt
For peaceful counſel (being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the ſword,

He ceas'd t'advise him; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie:
Renown'd *Amphialus*,
*If strong perswasions, backt with reasons, could*
*Bin honor'd with your ear, your wisdom would,*
*In yielding to so fair a peace, have won*
*As ample glory, as your sword hath done:*
*You should have conquer'd soals, where now at most,*
*You can subdue but bodies, that have lost*
*The power to resist: But since my suit,*
*Sown on so barren soil, can finde no fruit;*
*Receive a mortal challenge, from a hand,*
*Whose justice takes a glory to withstand*
*So foul a cause, and labors to subdue*
*Your heedless errors, whilst it honors you:*
*Compose you them, to make a preparation,*
*According to your noble wonted fashion:*
*And think not slight of me'r so weak an arm*
*That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarm.*

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble speed, return'd these lines agen:
*Much more renowned* Argalus,
*Your faithful servant, whose victorious brow*
*Was never dismaid yet, is dismaid now,*
*By your brave courtesie, being stricken dumb*
*With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:*
*Yet doubting nere the justness of my cause*
*(That's over-ruled by the sacred laws*
*Of dearest love) will give my sword the power*
*Even to maintain it, to the latest hour*
*I shall expect your coming in the list,*
*Where, with his heart, (not poyson'd with the bile*
*Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,*

*Your ſervant ſhall be ready to make good*
*His juſt deſigns: aſſured of no leſs*
*Then treble fame, if crowned with ſucceſs:*
*If not, there's no diſhonor can accrew*
*In being conquer'd, and orecome by you.*

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whoſe blood did boil
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armor, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of womans hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treaſure,
Oreſpred his Corſlet in a lib'ral meaſure:
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle, round about
Beſet with plumes, whoſe crooked beak (being caſt
Into a coſtly jewel) was made faſt
To th'ſaddle bow: Her ſpredden train did cover
His crooper, whilſt the trappers ſeem to hover
Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to flie.
Vpon his arm (his threatning arm) he wore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly embroidered ore
With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſs times, when fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as copies of her own.
Vpon his ſhield (for his device) he feb
Two neighb'ring Palms, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together; the obſcure Impreſe
Imported this: *Thus flouriſhing, as theſe:*
His Horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail: on his proud back
A coal black Liſt: his noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his ſparkling eye deſcride

An enemy to encounter; up by turns,
He lifts his hasty hoofs, as if he scorns
The earth, or if his rabring feet had found
A way, to go, and yet ne'r change the ground.
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes yeers) was landed in the Ile,
In all respects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment, as the sword
And Launce could give: and at the Trumpets sound,
The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both start, and with smooth run-
Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning
Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed:
But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed
Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
By his own pride) prest in his prouder head:
The which when stout *Amphialus* espide
(Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse,
Shouldring each other, with a double force
Fell to the ground: But by accustom'd skill,
And help of fortunes hand, that succors still
Bold spirits, shun'd the danger of the fall,
And had (less fear'd then hurt) no harm at all:
They rose, drew forth their swords, which now begun
To do what their left staves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what sort
The deep-mouthid Cannon playes upon the Fort,
And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding walls of the besieged Town?
Even so their swords (whose oft-repeated blows
Could finde no patience yet to enterpose
A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
So hew'd their proofless armors, that at length

Their

Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue, and unarmed innocence:
Such deadly blows were dealt, and ſuch requited,
That *Mars* himſelf ſtood raviſht and affrighted
To ſee the cruel Combate; every blow
Did act two parts; both ſtruck and guarded too
At ſelf ſame inſtant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickneſs was, that none was able
To ſay, (although their watchful eyes attended
The ſtrokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could ſhew a better, or a worſe:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds: No wound as yet could ſhow
A drop of waſted blood, yet every blow
Was full of death: *When skilful Gameſters play,*
*The Chriſtmas box gains often more then they.*

At length the ſword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirſted ſo long in vain till now; nor ever
Made victory doubtful for ſo long a ſpace)
Faſtned a wound on the diſarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful ſhield born part, and bin
An equal ſharer, his unequal fo,
No doubt, had ſumm'd his conqueſt in that blow:
With that the ſtout *Amphialus*, whoſe harm
Gave ſprightly quickneſs to his wounded arm,
Upheav'd his thirſty Brondyron, and let flie
A down right blow; but with a falſifie
Reverſt the ſtroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found

A loſs of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage cloſely lay
Vpon a lower guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whilſt *Amphialus* (whoſe hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conqueſt, and proclaim'd
Vndoubted victory) heap'd his ſtrokes ſo faſt
As if each blow had ſcorn'd to be the laſt,
The watchful *Argalus* (whoſe nimble eye
Diſpos'd his time, in onely putting by)
Put home a thruſt, (his right foot coming in)
And pierc'd his *Navel*; that the wound had bin
No leſs then death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
A miſchief to advantage) had forborn
To ſhew a miracle; for with that blow
*Amphialus* laſt made, his arm had ſo
Oreſtruck it ſelf; that ſideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
Which (had he ſtood) had enter'd in, point blank,
But, falling, onely graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning ſword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* anſwering not a word,
(As one, whoſe mighty ſpirit did diſdain
A life of alms) but ſtriving to regain
His legs and honor, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the ſtrength a wounded arm could give,
Vpon his head; but his hurt arm (not able
To do him preſent ſervice, anſwerable
To his deſires) let his weapon fall:
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withall)
Aroſe, but *Argalus* ran in, and graſpt
(Being clos'd together) with him, where both claſpt
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling fell together,

And

And on the ground, with equal fortune ſtrove;
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And ſometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge: both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding freſh: Now *Argalus* bid yield;
And now *Amphialus*: Both would win the field,
Yet neither could; at laſt, by free conſent,
They roſe; and to their breathed ſwords they went:
The *Combat*'s now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds aſſwage the ſmarting of the old,
And warm blood entermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whoſe wounded arm had loſt
More blood, then all his body could almoſt
Supply; and like an unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either ſtock, or friends)
Bled more then his ſpent fountains could make good;
His ſpirit could give courage, but not blood.
As when two wealthy *Clyents*, that wax old
In ſuit (whoſe learned *Counſel* can uphold,
And gloze the cauſe alike, on either ſide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to ſay,
Who proſpers beſt, or who ſhall get the *Day*,
But he, whoſe water firſt ſhall ceaſe to flow,
And ebb ſo long, till it ſhall ebb too low,
His cauſe, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) ſhall ſtrike upon the bar and ſink,
And then an eaſie Counſel may unfold
The doubt; the Queſtion's ended, with the gold:
Even ſo our Combatants, the whilſt their blood
Was equal ſpilt; the cauſe ſeem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,

But

But when poor *Argalus* his waſting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood,
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
His cauſe, his ſtrength, (but not his heart) muſt yield:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
Was but to purchaſe honor, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,
Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pity himſelf, and let the Combat ceaſe:
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honor to part ſtakes) with thanks, refus'd:
(Like to a luckleſs gameſter; who, the more
He loſes, is leſs willing to give ore)
And filling up his empty veins with ſpite,
Begins to ſum his forces, and unite
His broken ſtrength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out) he takes
His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armor, ſhield, and arm, almoſt in two:
But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pitty; and truſting to his Cards, he ſets
That ſtock of courage, treaſur'd in his breſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his Reſt:
And vies ſuch blows, as *Argalus* could not ſee
Without his loſs of life: ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open Sluce of blood, that found
No hand to ſtop it, till the doleful cry
Of a moſt beauteous Lady, (who wel-nigh
Had run her ſelf to death) reſtrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm:

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd, ſhe ſaw her husband in the plight
She now had found him: Fear and Love together
Gave her no reſt, till they had brought her thither:
The nature of her fear did now begin
T'expel the fear of Nature; ſtepping in
Between their pointing ſwords, ſhe proſtrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to ſay
She knew not what; for as her lips would ſtrive
To be deliver'd, a deep ſigh would drive
Th'abortive iſſue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, periſht in the birth:
And if her ſighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it:
But when the wind of her loud ſighes had laid
The ſhower of her tears, ſhe ſob'd and ſaid:
*O wretched eyes of mine! O wailful ſight!*
*O day of darkneſs! O eternal night!*
And there ſhe ſtopt; her eyes being fixt upon
*Amphialus*; ſhe ſigh'd and thus went on:
*My Lord*;
*'Tis ſaid you love: Then by that ſacred power*
*Of Love, as you'd finde mercy in the hour*
*Of greateſt miſery, leave off; and ſheath*
*Your bloody ſword: or elſe if nought but death,*
*May ſlake your anger, O let mine, let mine*
*Be a ſufficient offring at the Shrine*
*Of your appeaſed thoughts, or, if you thirſt*
*For* Argalus *his life, then take mine firſt:*
*Or, if for noble blood you ſeek, if ſo*
*Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,*
*And worth the ſpilling: Even for her dear ſake,*
*Your tender ſoul affects, awake, awake*
*Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether:*

*Let me die first; or kill us both together.*
With that *Amphialus* was about to ſpeak,
But *Argalus* (whoſe heart did almoſt break
To hear *Parthenias* words) made this reply.
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then muſt I*
*Be bought and ſold for tears? is my condition*
*So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition?*
So ſaid; He ſtept aſide (for fear, by chance,
The fury of ſome miſguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high diſdain,
Would have begun the Combat freſh again:
But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had no ſufficient warrant to withſtand
*Parthenia's* ſuit, from whoſe fair eyes there came
Such precious tears, in ſo belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very ſoul did ſmart;
He ſtirred not, but kept him at a diſtance:
And (putting by ſome blows) made no reſiſtance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Muſt out at laſt, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting ſap muſt wither: ſtrength and beauty
Can claim no priviledg to quit that duty
They ow to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The unſound ſupporters failing) muſt decline:
Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and muſt give ore
To ſtrike; his feeble arm can ſtrike no more:
And natures pale-fac'd *Fayly* now diſtrains
His blood, for that ſmall debt that yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot uſe the point,
Now leans upon the Pomel; every joint
Diſclaims their idle ſinews; and his eye
Begins to double every object by;
Nothing appears the ſame it was; the ground,

And

And all thereon does ſeem to dance the round:
His legs grow faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his Chair, and fell into a ſwoun.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his Helmet, whil'ſt her buſie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her linnen ſleeves, and Partlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt-blood away, and wrap
His wounds withal; upon her panting lap
She laid his live-leſs head, and (wanting bands
To binde his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head:
But as ſhe wrapt the wounds, her eyes would ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe was fain
With ſighs and ſobs to dry it up again:
Thus half diſtracted with her griefs and fears,
Theſe words ſhe intermingles with her tears.
*Diſtreſt* Parthenia! *Into what eſtate*
*Hath fortune, and the direful hand of Fate*
*Driven thy perplexed ſoul? O thou, O thou,*
*That wert the preſident of all joyes, but now,*
*Now turn'd th'example of all miſery*
*For torments, worſe then death, to practice by!*
*How leſs then nothing art thou? and how more*
*Then miſerable! Thou that wert before*
*All Ladies of the Earth for happineſs*
*But very now, (ah me!) now nothing leſs:*
*O angry Heavens, what hath* Parthenia *done,*
*To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,*
*If guilty? what ſhall poor* Parthenia *do?*

*To whom shall she complain? alas! or who*
*Shall give relief? nay, who can give relief*
*To her that hopes for succor from her grief?*
*O death! Must we be parted then for ever:*
*And never meet again? what, never? never?*
*Or shall* Parthenia *now be so unkinde,*
*To leave her* Argalus, *and stay behinde?*
*No, no, my deerest* Argalus, *make room,*
(*There's room enough in Heaven*) *I come, I come.*
Who ever saw a dying coal of fire,
Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire
A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia*'s breath
Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
Recal'd him from his death-resembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:
*My dear* Parthenia: *Now my glass is run,*
*The Tapors tell me that the Play is done,*
*My days are summ'd, death seizes on my heart;*
*Alas! the time is come, and we must part:*
*Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring*
*No grief to* Argalus, *no other sting*
*But this, that I must leave thee, even before*
*My grateful actions can cross the score*
*Of thy dear merits.*
*But since it pleases him, whose wisdom still*
*Disposes all things by his better will,*
*Depend upon his goodness, and rely*
*Upon his pleasure not enquiring why,*
*And trust that one day we shall meet, and then*
*Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:*

*Mean*

*Mean while live happy: Let* Parthenia *make*
*No doubt, but bleſſed* Argalus *ſhall partake*
*In all her joyes on Earth, which ſhall increaſe*
*His joyes in Heaven, and ſouls eternal peace:*
*Love well the dear remembrance of thy true*
*And faithful* Arg'lus; *let no thought renew*
*My laſt diſgrace: Think not the hand of Fate*
*Made me unworthy, thou unfortunate:*
And as he ſpake that word, his lips did vent
A ſigh, whoſe violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting kiſs
Had given him earneſt of approaching bliſs,
He ſnatch'd his ſword into his hand, and cry'd,
*O death! Thou art a Conqueror*; and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, whoſe livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and ſwounded;
But, Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Elſe had *Parthenia* dy'd, ſince death deprived
Him of his life, in whoſe dear life ſhe lived.
But ah! *Parthenia*'s ſorrow was too deep;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd aſleep
By ought but death: She ſtartles from her ſwound,
And nimbly riſing from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and layes her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief playes the tyrant, fierce diſtraction drives her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of ſenſe and language, here and there ſhe goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what ſhe does:
Sometimes, her fair miſguided hand would tear
Her beauteous face, ſometimes, her beauteous hair;
As if their uſe could ſtand her in no ſtead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this ſpace
Stood like an Idol faſtned to his place;
Where with a world of tears he did bemone
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not eaſe the miſery of her woful ſtate,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
With her dead *Argalus* ſhe 'mbarkt; from whom
She would not part: No ſooner was ſhe come
To t'other ſhore, but all the funeral ſtate,
Of Military Diſcipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'ſt troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd ſolemnities:
The Marſhal Trumpet breath'd her doleful ſound,
Whil'ſt others trail'd their Enſigns on the ground:
Thus was the moſt lamented Corps convaid
Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and over-laid
With Sables, to his houſe, a houſe, then night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for vertue, and deſerv'd renown:
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſs Peace, and everlaſting Reſt.

But who ſhall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can Counſel chuſe, but bluſh to undergo
So vain a task, and be contemned too?
May reaſon move a heart, whoſe beſt relief
Conſiſts in deſp'rate yeelding to a grief?
Or what advice can reliſh in her ears,
That weeps, and takes a pleaſure in her tears?

*Readers, forbear, ſorrows that are lamented*
*Are but exulcerated, but augmented:*

*Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,*
*A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing:*
*Leave her to time and fortune: let your eyes*
*No longer pry into her miseries:*
*True mourners love to be beheld of none,*
*Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.*

But now our bloodhound *Muse* must draw, and track
*Amphialus*, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combate: Where, if Fortune please
To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease
The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood:
Our better relisht story (making good
Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds, and made return
Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new got honor, and to entertain
Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
Or seek for satisfaction from his hand;
An armed *Knight* came praunsing ore the plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain:
Four Dam'sels usherd him, in Sable Weeds;
And four came after, all on mourning Steeds:
His curious Armor was so painted over
With lively shadows, that you might discover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre:
About the which, were scattered here, and there
Some dead mens bones: His horse was black as Jet,
His furniture was round about beset
With branches, slipt from the sad Cypress tree,
His bases (reaching far below the knee)
Embroidered ore with worms: upon his shield,
For his Impresse, he had a beauteous childe,

Whose

Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'one
Appear'd quite dead; the t'other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gaſp for breath, and underneath,
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From death, by death*:
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold defie
T' *Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.
Forthwith, being ſummon'd, by the Trumpets ſound
They ſtart; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The *Knight* had miſt his reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let
His Launce deſcend, nor (bravely paſſing by)
Encounter his befriended enemy.
Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
Such unſupportable miſhap) forſook
His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aſide,
(Which too too partial Fortune had denide
A fair ſucceſs) drew forth his glittering ſword:
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
A conqueſt meerly by advantage gain'd,
Eſteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd)
Drew forth his ſword; and for a little ſpace
Their ſtrokes contended with an equal pace,
And fierceneſs: he herein did more diſcover
A bravery, then anger, whil'ſt the other
Bewray'd more ſpleen, then either skill, or ſtrength,
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more then wonted eaſe, did batter ſo
His ill defended armor, that each blow,
Open'd a door, for death to enter in:
And now the noble Conqueror does begin
To hate ſo poor a conqueſt, and diſdain'd
To take a life, ſo eaſily obtain'd,
And mov'd with pity, (ſtepping back) he ſtaid
His unreſiſted violence, and ſaid,

*Sir*

*Sir Knight, conteſt no more; but take the peace*
*Of your own paſſion: Let the combate ceaſe,*
*Seek not your cauſeleſs ruine; turn your arm*
*(Better imploy'd) 'gainſt ſuch, as wiſh you harm;*
*Husband your life, before it be too late,*
*Fall not by him, that ne'r deſerv'd your hate.*
To whom, the *Knight* return'd theſe words again.
*Thou lieſt, falſe* Traitor, *and I here diſdain*
*Both words and mercy with a baſe defie,*
*And to thy throat, my ſword ſhall turn the lie.*
To whom *Amphialus*: *Vncivil Knight,*
*Courageous in nothing, but in ſpight,*
*And baſe diſcourteſie, thou ſoon ſhalt know*
*Whether thy tongue betrayes thy heart, or no.*
And as he ſpake, he gave him ſuch a wound
Upon the neck, as ſtruck him to the ground:
And, with the fall, his ſword (that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his ſide:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
To make his overlaviſh tongue repent
Of theſe baſe words, he had ſo baſely ſaid,
Or elſe, to crop him ſhorter by the head.
Who ever ſaw th'illuſtrous eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) ſend down
His earth-rejoycing glory, and diſplay
His golden beams upon the ſons of Day:
Even ſo, the Helmet being gone, a fair
And coſtly treaſure of unbraided hair
Oreſpred the ſhoulders of the vanquiſht Knight,
Whoſe now diſcover'd viſage (in diſpight
Of neighb'ring death,) did witneſs and proclaime
A ſoveraign beauty in *Parthenia*'s name,
And ſhe it was indeed, ſee how ſhe lies
Smiling on death, as if her bleſſed eies

(Bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
His face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roſes* (that while ere
Strove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their truce, and freſhly faln to blows,
Behold the *Lilly* hath orecome the *Roſe*:
Her *Alabaſter* neck (that did out-go
The *Doves* in whiteneſs, *Or the new faln Snow*)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeek
Protection there, being baniſht from her cheek:
So full of ſweetneſs, was her dying face,
That death had not the power to diſplace
Her native beauty; onely by tranſlation,
Moulded, and cloath'd it in a newer faſhion.
But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and ſhame
Of this unlucky victory, did claim
An equal intereſt) proſtrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his ſword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Caſting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
His undiſſembled tears did teſtifie
What words could not: But finding her eſtate
More apt for help, then grief (though both too late),
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſs help, and, with his life to ſhow
What honor a devoted heart could do:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath)
Gave ſpeedy ſignes of a deſired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes,
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.
*Sir, you have done enough, and I require*
*No more: Your hands have done, what I deſire,*
*What I expect; and if ſ against your will,*
*The better; ſo I wiſh your favors ſtill,*

Yet

*Yet one thing more (if enemies may ſue)*
*I crave, which is, to be untouch't by you;*
*And as for honor, all that I demand,*
*Is, not to purchaſe honor from your hand:*
*No, no, 'twas no ſuch bargain made; That he,*
*Whoſe hands had kill'd my* Argalus, *ſhould help me:*
*Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;*
*And for the deeds ſake, I forgive the doer.*
*What then remains? but that I go to reſt*
*With* Argalus, *and to be repoſſeſt*
*Of him, with him for ever to abide;*
*Ere ſince whoſe death, I have ſo often died.*
And there ſhe fainted (even as if the Clock
Of death, had given a warning ere it ſtruck)
But ſoon returning to her ſelf again:
*Welcome ſweet death,* ſaid ſhe, *whoſe minutes pain*
*Shall crown this ſoul with everlaſting pleaſure;*
*Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leaſure:*
*Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,*
*My* Argalus *will chide, I ſtay ſo long:*
*O now I feel the Gordian knotted bands*
*Of life unti'd: O Heavens! into your hands*
*I recommend my better part, with truſt*
*To finde you much more merciful, then juſt;*
*(Yet truly juſt withal) O life! O death!*
*I call you to a witneſs, that this breath*
*Ne'r drew a blaſt of comfort, ſince that houre*
*My* Arg'lus *died: O thou eternal Power,*
*Shroud all my faults beneath the milk-white vail*
*Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue ſhall fail*
*To ſpeak: O then.*
And as ſhe ſpake (*O then*) O then ſhe left
To ſpeak; and being ſuddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Siſter did divide

Her ſlender twine of life, and ſo ſhe di'd.
So di'd *Parthenia*, in whoſe cloſed eies
The world of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whilſt her vertues ſhine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no Relique, but the ſtory
Of Earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame
To conſecrate to her eternal name,
Which ſhall ſurvive, (if Muſes can divine)
(Though not in theſe poor monuments of mine)
To th'end of days, and by theſe looſer rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times:
So long as beauty ſhall but finde a friend,
*Partheniaes* laſting fame ſhall never end:
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a ſin, *Partheniaes* name ſhall laſt.
Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of honor, he forſook the Camp,
And, like a willing priſ'ner was confin'd
To the ſtrict limits of a troubled minde:
No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to atteſt the deed:
None to give ſentence, in the Judgment-Hall;
Himſelf was witneſs, Jury, Judg, and all;
Where now we leave him, whilſt we turn our eyes
Upon *Partheniaes* women, whoſe fierce cryes
Inforce a helpleſs audience: *It is ſaid,*
*When* Troy *was taken, ſuch a cry was made.*
One ſnatcht *Partheniaes* ſword, reſolv'd to die
*Partheniaes* death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager ſtrife,
They both were hindred, and each ſav'd a life.
Others, whom wiſer paſſion had taught how

To grieve at eaſier rates, did rudely throw
Their careleſs bodies on the purple floore:
Where, ſprinkling duſt upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears:
And cry'd, as if *Parthenias* bleſſed ears
Could hear the voice of grief, ſuch griefs as would
Return her from her glory, if they could:
Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true paſſion,
Where griefs were cloathed in a ſeveral faſhion,
Sometimes their ſorrow would recal to view
Her vertue, chaſtneſs, ſweetneſs, and renew
Their waſted paſſions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themſelves, for obeying her unjuſt command.
And now by this the mournful trump of Fame
(Grown hoarſe with very ſorrow) did proclame
And ſpread her doleful tidings, whilſt all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death, and ſliding tears:
Pity and ſorrow mixt with admiration,
Became the threefold ſubject of all paſſion:
Grief went her progreſs through all hearts, and none
From the poor Cottage to the Princely Throne
Could own a thought, whoſe beſt advice could borrow
The ſmalleſt reſpite from th'extreams of ſorrow.
But all this while, *Baſilius* Princely breſt,
As it commanded, ſo out-griev'd the reſt:
His ſhare was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep
And cloſe; what once they entertain, they keep
With violence: the violence of his paſſion
Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation:
But ſoon as grief had done her private rights
And dues to *Honor*: *Honor* (that delights
In publike ſervice, and can make the breath
Of ſighs and ſobs to triumph over death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train

And Military pomp to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whose slow paces tread
The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre;
And in memorial of their faithful loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They yeerly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

---

*Hos ego versiculos.*

*Like to the Damask Rose you see,*
*Or like the blossom on a Tree,*
*Or like the dainty flower of* May,
*Or like the morning to the day,*
*Or like the Sun, or like the shade,*
*Or like the Gourd that* Jonas *had,*
*Even such is man, whose thred is spun,*
*Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.*

*The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,*
*The flower fades, the morning hasteth:*
*The Sun sets, the shadow flies,*
*The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.*

*Like to the blaze of fond delights;*
*Or like a morning clear and bright,*
*Or like a Frost, or like a shower*
*Or like the pride of* Babels *Tower,*

*Or like the hour that guides the Time,*
*Or like to beauty in her prime:*
*Even such is man, whose glory lends*
*His life ablaze or two, and ends.*

*Delights vanish, the morn ore casteth,*
*The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,*
*The Tower falls, the hour spends,*
*The beauty fades, and mans life ends.*

Fr. Quarles.

## The Authors Dream.

*MY sins are like the hairs upon my head,*
*And raise their Audit to as high a score:*
*In this they differ: These do daily shed;*
*But ah! my sins grow daily more and more.*
*If by my hairs thou number out my sins;*
*Heaven make me bald before the day begins.*

2.

*My sins are like the sands upon the shore,*
*Which every ebb layes open to the eye,*
*In this they differ: These are cover'd ore*
*With every tide, my sins still open lye.*
*If thou wilt make my head a sea of tears,*
*O they will hide the sins of all my years.*

3.

*My sins are like the Stars within the skies,*
*In view, in number even as bright, as great:*
*In this they differ: These do set and rise;*
*But ah! my sins do rise, but never set.*
*Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone*
*Like twinkling Stars, before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarles.

FINIS.